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Letters of Mon= signor George Hobart Doane



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Letters of Mon= signor George Hobart Doane

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A WORD OR TWO OF INTRODUCTION

"A man he was to all the people dear"



MONSIGNOR George Hobart Doane, the rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral for nearly half a century, was an ardent lover of Art and Nature. He was the practical friend of the poor, the sick, the orphans, and the aged. A citizen who labored unceasingly for the moral and material improvement of the City of Newark, he was a man of learning and culture, his knowledge of books being most extensive. He had seen the works of the old masters in oil paintings and sculpture in the art galleries of Europe, he had a personal acquaintance with many of the best modern artists, American and foreign, and he liked to talk and write about what he had seen for the information of his friends in particular and the public in general. For many years the Monsignor was a valued contributor to Newark newspapers, treating of a variety of subjects. He advocated in his letters, cleaner streets, better pavements and sewers, substantial public buildings, more parks for the people and free band concerts in the parks. He originated the free art loan exhibitions in the Public Library to inculcate in the minds of the people a love for good art. His letters to the Sunday Call were literary gems, for he was a master of pure English and his style was simple and beautiful.

These communications were heart to heart talks of the Monsignor with the reading public—his purpose



Monsignor George H. Doane

From a photograph taken in 1904

Letters of Monsignor Doane

Essex County Parks

To the Editor of the Sunday Call:

Finis coronat opus—the end crowns the work. The Park Commissioners must have had this thought in their minds when they applied to the Legislature for permission to borrow one more million with which to finish their work. Purchase of real estate, engineering, laying out of the grounds, constructions of roads, etc., are all done, and well done, with the money they have had at their disposal. A thousand and one things remain to be done, the finishing touches have to be put, and that million will do as much in its way as the four that have gone before it. Fortunately, that bill passed the Legislature, as well as two other bills making provision for the maintenance of the parks. I admire the wisdom with which they were drawn. They certainly are sure of the Governor's signature. Two of the bills are to be referred to the popular vote next November, and can we doubt the result? The time has gone by for arguing in favor of the parks. When they were in the abstract, the question might be asked, why? But now that they are in the concrete, they speak in their beauty, their convenience, their utility, for themselves. As the spring is coming on, I try to go to Branch Brook Park once a week to watch the grass as it throws off its brown and takes on its emerald hue, the trees as the leaves begin to appear, the plants and bushes as they grow green, and all the marvellous changes which nature, with her two enchanter's wands, the sun and the rain, works every year before our eyes as she weaves her magic spell. Recently I have noticed that the names have

been put on some of the trees. I trust there will be more, so that the park will become a school of arboriculture. The names are given both in Latin, the botanical name, and in English, and the place or country of which the tree is indigenous. I saw the same thing in London last summer in the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens in Regent's Park.

At the last meeting of the Wednesday Club some idea could be formed of the progress Newark is making, as views were given of the beautiful Public Library, with its exquisite details; the wonderful Prudential group of buildings, great oak grown from a little acorn planted less than thirty years ago; the new Court House, City Hall, and, in the end, Mr. McFarland gave his views and interesting descriptions of the seven parks of Essex County. Reader, do you know their names?—Eastside, Westside, Weequahic Reservation, Branch Brook, Orange, Eagle Rock Reservation and South Mountain Reservation. In this connection I might ask another question. Reader, have you ever been inside the Public Library and seen its beauty and its convenient arrangement? I ask the question because I often meet persons who, though they constantly pass it, have never taken the trouble to cross its threshold, go up the marble stairs, admire the columns and arches, enter the distribution room and the reading room and the children's room, all of them as fine as anything of the kind on the face of the earth. Apart from its use as a place for reading and for getting books, it is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and as such should be seen by every citizen.

One of the most interesting features of Mr. McFarland's exhibition was the contrast shown between the parks as they are and the parks as they were. They were perfect transformation scenes. Who could believe that the old depository for rubbish should now be the southern division of Branch Brook Park; the old Blue Jay swamp, with its tangled undergrowth and stagnant water, should now be its northern division? There is no greater difference between black and white, and night and day, than between them. The same may be said of Orange Park, as it was and as it is. The Commissioners published the other day quite a list of the things, big and little, that they would do with the million dollars. They were all of them things very much to be desired, and absolutely necessary for the completion of their work. One of them was the clearing of Weequahic Lake of the reeds, raising the water, and making a beautiful lake a

mile long and half a mile wide. This, surrounded by a belt of beautiful trees, will not only be most pleasing to the eye, but most useful for aquatic sports. The people of Essex County owe a debt to the Park Commissioners for the admirable way in which they have accomplished their work. They ask nothing at their hands, but the people will have a chance next November of showing their appreciation of this work by voting in favor of the park bills passed by the Legislature, and in that way not only secure greater advantages from the parks for themselves, but pass a vote of confidence in the men who have done so much to adorn and beautify the county in which we dwell, and express the wish that the parks should be left in their hands.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, March 30, 1902.

Dogwood Blossoms

"*Cornus Florida*" is the botanical name of the dogwood. The Century Dictionary says of it: "Dogwood. Some suppose dogwood as applied to the wood of trees of the genus '*cornus*' to be a corruption of dagwood, a name equivalent to its other names, prickwood, skewer wood, so called because, being firm, hard and smooth, it is used to make butchers' skewers; but the form dagwood is not found, and in this, as well as in its other applications, and in similar popular names of plants, it is not necessary to assume a definite intention in the use of the animal name. A tree of the genus *cornus*, the cornel, also called dogwood tree."

Neltje Blanchan, in her beautiful book, "Nature's Garden," which, by the way, I owe to you, begins her notice of it in this way: "Has nature's garden a more decorative ornament than the flowering dogwood, whose spreading, flattened branches whiten the woodland borders in May as if an untimely snowstorm had come down upon them, and in autumn paint the landscape with glorious crimson, scarlet and gold, dulled by comparison only with the clusters of vivid red berries among the foliage?"

Reduced by the doctor's orders, and by the necessities of the case, while trying to recover from the effects of recent illness, to comparative inactivity, I take advantage of driving in the afternoons, which is not only allowed but prescribed, to visit the parks, and specially those parts of the

country where I know that the dogwood, to me the most beautiful thing in nature, and which is now in its full glory, is in bloom. Of the parks I have yet been able to visit, only five, Branch Brook, East Side, West Side, Orange (with its tulip bed worthy of Holland) and Weequahic. South Mountain Reservation and Eagle Rock are as yet a little too far afield. They say that time cures all things. I hope it will cure me. A very dear visitor told me the other day that Dr. Hun, of Albany, a perfect type of the old-fashioned physician, with his few words, but always to the point; his quaint and sententious sayings, used to tell slowly convalescing patients, with a merry twinkle of his eye, that they needed "tinctura temporis," the tincture of time. I seem to need quarts, gallons, hogsheads of it!

To one who has watched the parks through all the stages of their development, as I have, they constantly seem to increase in interest and beauty. You not only do not get used to them, but every time you see them your admiration increases, and every time they seem more beautiful than before. Every time they seem different as the grass becomes greener and greener, the trees put on their panoply of leaves, and now one shrub and then another, now one flower and then another, following the sequence that nature has ordained, bursts into bloom. Foliage and vegetation never had a better chance than they have had this spring. The only thing wanting has been a little more rain, but the parks do not show it as the advance of spring has been so gradual; it has kept so cool, and there has been no scorching sun to anticipate the heats of summer and dry everything up.

What will not these parks be when the commissioners are able to put the finishing touches to them? Many, many, were enjoying Branch Brook Park yesterday afternoon on the land and on the water; the lake was like the "Basin" at Hamburg; driving and riding and cycling and walking and rowing, and every one who was there and who will be there during the summer will be sure to plump a vote for the appropriation next November that the end may crown the work!

As for the dogwood there are many places in the neighborhood in which to see it. There is one on Mrs. Gibbs's place just as you turn down the old River road, now Herbert place, from Belleville avenue, beyond the cemetery, to the left on the bank which is my indicator. I watch it, and it tells me every year when to go and see its companions in

the country. One of the best places to see the dogwood is Northfield avenue, which is lined with dogwood trees on both sides, from the place where it starts by the old Harrison house straight up the hill. Gregory avenue, which crosses Northfield avenue, turning to the left, is full of them, and so is Llewellyn Park from the Mt. Pleasant avenue entrance straight through to Eagle Rock avenue, and elsewhere.

Another capital place to see it, and I was told of it some time ago by a friend, and it is the only place where you can see it "en masse" in profusion, a regular plantation of it, in clumps and clusters, is Richmond avenue, a little to the right of Bloomfield avenue, easily reached by carriage or trolley car or train on a branch of the Erie Railroad to Chestnut Hill Station. Alas, from there it will soon be gone, as real estate is beginning to assert itself. One house is already built, and the plot is sold, and will soon be built over, and the dogwood will disappear.

People do not know it, they are so busy with shopping and calling, and all the comparatively little things of life, busy about nothing very often, but Newark is surrounded with good roads and beautiful drives. I have mentioned some of them, but where would you find a more beautiful one than up one side of the river to Belleville, where the view from the bridge is lovely, and down the other, especially since the roadway on the east side has been so much improved; or out Washington avenue to where it ends down to the river and south along the west bank to the Satterthwaite place, where there is a fine old house and a row of elm trees better than which you would have to go to England to see.

It is only necessary to make these little excursions to realize in what pleasant places our lines have fallen, and to appreciate, as they should be appreciated, the city and the country in which we dwell.

Alas, that, with regard to the city, two exceptions should have to be made; one, the shameful and disgraceful condition of some of the asphalt streets, and the other, the untidiness of the streets in general, and the way that papers are left in the gutters and flying about the parks. I see that to-day gravel is actually being put on the paths in the parks. Perhaps, after all, the Street Commissioner and Board of Works are not asleep, as it would appear, but rousing from

their long nap, and getting ready to remove these opprobria from the city of which they have charge. The wonder to me is that the residents in the streets referred to are as patient as they are, and that before now have not resorted to some strong measures to compel a redress of their grievances in which the whole city shares.

There is another most beautiful drive which, since writing the above on Monday, I have been able to take. You go out Orange street to East Orange, turn into one of those diagonal streets, which must have been a country road, Washington street, pass Tory Corner, an old historic name which smacks of the Revolution, and continue on until you reach Eagle Rock avenue. This afternoon the flying shadows were playing on the Orange Mountains, the sun was glinting through the trees, there was a slight westerly breeze, no dust, and the thermometer was 68 degrees. Mounting the long hill, Eagle Rock Reservation is soon reached, and on the summit there lies before you one of the panoramas of the world. Coming back you drive through Llewellyn Park, more beautiful in dogwood time than at any other; down Park avenue, through Branch Brook Park, and so home. If you go to Europe and take such a drive you come home and rave about it, but it is as true of inanimate things as of animate, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house."

May 15, 1902.

G. H. DOANE.

All Seven at Last

Last Saturday afternoon I made a forced march, and visited South Mountain Reservation, the only one of the seven parks and reservations which I had not seen this spring. I broke my journey at the Country Club, that delightful place in the woods in Hutton Park, where I have been kindly made a guest, and then, after resting man and beast for a little while, pushed up the hill, with dogwood on either side, up Northfield avenue to Cherry lane, and so across to South Orange avenue, the Orange reservoir in the valley between the two mountains looking like a lake.

South Mountain Reservation is a woodland tract of about 2,000 acres, a domain belonging to the people, roughly bounded by the crests or ridges of First and Second Moun-

tains on the east and west, and Northfield avenue and Springfield avenue on the north and south, and intersected by South Orange avenue. To reach Cherry lane on Northfield avenue you first mount the hill, then go down into the valley past St. Cloud, and then mount the hill again about half way to the top of the Second Mountain. The drive through Cherry lane, which is marked by a signboard, into which you turn to the left, carries you between the two mountains, one on either side, covered with foliage as thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa, only on the trees and not off them, in various tints of green.

Arriving at South Orange avenue you turn up, cross the stone bridge over the Rahway River, mount the hill again until you come to Brookside drive, so marked; turn into that, to the left and south, and drive about two miles along it toward Millburn, the mountains, like walls, flanking you on either side. The ground becomes broken after about two-thirds of the way, and the road, with the lovely river purling along on the left (no more a river than the mountains are mountains, but it, a brook, and they, hills; they must have had grand ideas in the days when they were named), descends to the stream. It is worth while to drive beyond the ford, Thistle Mill Ford, along the river beyond what used to be Campbell's Pond, and is now a reservoir, until near Millburn, and then turn back to the ford, drive over the stones (there is a footbridge for pedestrians) through the river, with the checkrein loose so that the horse may drink, and up the bank on the opposite side. The road to the right, capitally engineered, leads through the woods in a winding way to the Crest road and Bear lane, on the top of the First Mountain, and so out to South Orange avenue. The road to the left leads along the river on the opposite, the eastern, bank, to South Orange avenue, and is even more beautiful, with its glimpses of the river, than the one on the opposite side.

After you emerge and begin to go down the hill there is a panorama only second to the one from Eagle Rock; the great city in the distance, and Staten Island, Kill van Kull, Newark and other cities and towns, hamlets and villages, farms, etc., scattered around on the plain beneath. Passing through the village of South Orange and mounting again, Centre street is soon reached, Orange Park, Central avenue and home. So, now, within the last few days, I have

seen all seven of the parks of Essex County, the jewels of her crown.

Branch Brook Park showed a little the lack of rain last Sunday, but has since been abundantly supplied, thank God! The spiræa was the floral feature last Sunday, the bushes covered with their white clusters, the branches gracefully bending over with their weight. The little goat cart was well patronized at five cents a ride. To make it complete, there should be a saddled donkey or two! The laburnum, the French "pluie d'or," or rain of gold, is coming into bloom. A fine lawn tennis court has been laid out on the field opposite the greenhouses in the northern end.

Yesterday a friend sent me some painted cup, one of the most exquisite of the flowers that grow wild in the woods. I once wrote you a letter about it. The color scheme is a remarkable one, a red and a green, but a subdued red and green, minor keys in color, very much the same tints as the cardinal flower, as if nature had dipped her brush in the same places on her palette to color them. According to "Nature's Garden," it is the humming bird's favorite flower.

As to the streets of which I spoke last Sunday, we can all of us take "heart of grace." It was a case of "Post hoc, sed non propter hoc"—after it, but not on account of it—but Monday morning James street was ploughed up, and will soon be a new street. For the moment the residents may find the remedy worse than the disease, and like the frogs in one of Aesop's fables, wish they had King Log again instead of King Stork. But the work will soon be over, and James street and other asphalt streets restored to their former state, to the advantage and relief of all. North Broad street has been repaired, but is very dirty.

I started this really as a postscript to my last letter, to add a little to it which I had left unsaid, but it has grown to the dimensions of a letter by itself. When I look back over these drives, and the beauty I have recently seen, love of country grows and burns in my heart, and the lines of Scott repeat themselves to me with a kind of exaltation:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

Newark, May 20, 1902.

G. H. DOANE.

Rhododendrons Now.

In the annual floral procession the rhododendron in Llewellyn Park succeeds the dogwood. As the one goes out the other comes in. Rhododendron comes from *rodon*, Greek for rose, and *dendron*, Greek for tree, and is the rosetree in English. It is wonderful how many variations you can play on the same tune, or the same theme, and the Orange Mountains offer the same facility for variation.

The last long drive I took there was from the Country Club up Northfield avenue to Prospect avenue, about on the top of the hill, following the macadamized Northfield avenue at the curve, and not taking the old road to the left, which is a short cut, and so across. Prospect avenue was macadamized under the direction of the Park Commissioners, and leads across Mount Pleasant avenue to Eagle Rock avenue, and from there to Montclair. I turned down Eagle Rock avenue, passing Crystal Lake, a sheet of water right on the top of the mountain, and into Llewellyn Park. There is where I saw the rhododendrons just bursting into glory. There are three large groups of them in the park, besides many scattered ones, one shortly after you enter the park from Eagle Rock avenue, another near where the bridge crosses the Ramble or Ravine, and the third not far from the gate on the Valley road, where the purple beeches and the deciduous cypresses are. It is on the middle road that runs through the Ramble, with the old quarry wall covered, like the colosseum of Rome, with vegetation, grasses, mosses, lichens, vines, wild flowers, etc. The last time I had seen rhododendrons in their glory was last Summer at Bournemouth, in Hampshire, on the south coast of England, where there were hundreds, not to say thousands, of them lining the roads in every direction.

After leaving the park at the Valley road I drove to Tory Corner, and so down Dodd street to the middle of Watsessing village, where there is another, an eighth, park, created by the Park Commissioners, which I was reminded I had omitted when I wrote "All Seven at Last." It was formerly the grounds of the East Orange Disposal Works. I went to see it when it was first given over to the Commission, and it was a very unprepossessing field, covered with weeds and rubbish. Since then the engineers and landscape gardeners have been

working at it, and made it a thing of beauty, bright green emerald turf, roads and walks, flowers, shrubs, trees and seats, and all component parts of a park, small, but very pretty.

"Revenons a nos moutons" and our "moutons" is always Branch Brook Park, that delectable spot which can never be visited too often. I spent an hour there on Saturday afternoon. The wind was fresh from the east, but the sky overhead was clear, though a haze obscured the Orange Mountains. The air was delightfully cool. The roses are coming into bloom. The syringas, which always carry me back to the old parsonage garden at Burlington, emit that sweet odor which has won for them the name of mock orange. Other shrubs, of which the collection in the park is so fine, are blossoming, but, above all, in two places, one on the right hand bank of the lake, where the boathouse is, and the other on the shore of Clark's pond, are daffodils, not enough of them, but enough to remind you of Wordsworth's immortal poem about them. He and his wife and his sister Dorothy were walking—the writer from whom I quote, Rawnsley, in his "Literary Associations of the English Lakes," says just ninety years ago—on the shores of Ullswater, and Dorothy in her diary speaks of the daffodils they saw. She says there were more and yet more as we went along, and, at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. She never saw daffodils so beautiful as they danced in the wind. The sight inspired the poet, who wrote:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud,
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
 * * * * *
 The waves beside them danced; but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company.
 I gazed and gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

"For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

Was there ever anything in the whole range of poetry more perfect than that? The daffodils used to be on a bank in the upper part of the park. The gardener has done well to put them by the water, where they flourish and belong.

The botanical name of the daffodil is *narcissus*. Shakespeare speaks of them in "The Winter's Tale" as

"———daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

Last Summer, when I was in Edinburgh looking at the Raeburn pictures, I was introduced to the advantage of long distance spectacles. A person, who was also looking at them, heard me say I could not see them very distinctly, and lent me a pair of these spectacles, through which I could see them perfectly. I got a pair in London, and use them not only to look at pictures, but at scenery, which they bring out to a marked degree.

Games, baseball, cricket, several sets, were going on in the middle division on the fine sward, and at the end of the northern division, on a beautiful lawn, several lawn tennis courts were set up, the balls were flying, and the young people of both sexes were not only enjoying themselves, but invigorating themselves in the open air. There is a practical side to all this, for did not Wellington say that the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton? G. H. DOANE.

Newark, June 1, 1902.

A System of Parkways

I notice there is now an agitation going on about parkways. I only represent myself, and have no idea what the Park Commissioners intend doing, but it seems to me it would be better first to finish the parks, which are in many respects incomplete, and then undertake a complete system of parkways. We do not want a parkway here and a park-

way there, but parkways connecting all the parks, of which they are an extension, as they do in Boston. There you enter one as soon as you leave the southwest end of the city, and go to all the suburban parks, one after the other, over a beautiful road with strips of grass dividing the driveway from the footpath on either side; more grass beyond, and trees and shrubs and flowers. Rome was not built in a day, and if we are patient and give the Commissioners, by degrees, the necessary funds, we shall have parks and parkways to enjoy and be proud of.

Since I have been writing this evening it seems to me that there is a great difference in the quiet between this Sunday and last. An epidemic of noise seemed to be raging all over the town, with the firing of pistols and cannon, giant crackers, elephant torpedoes and other instruments of torture to the human ear and nerves. The same state of things seems to have prevailed in New York, judging from a despairing article a few days ago in the Tribune, of that city, entitled "The Cursed Cracker." I think we may thank the police for the change, as their attention was called to it. Those who make this disturbance are violating a city ordinance, and liable to fine and imprisonment. Personal remonstrance seems of no avail, as, if you object, they answer by firing a cracker or torpedo in your face. The police have evidently turned their attention to the matter, and if their remonstrances fail, the belling of one or two "cats," and its being publicly known, would produce the desired effect.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, June 22, 1902.

No Place for the Dispensary

At the risk of being regarded as a Thersites, or common scold, whenever I hear of a grievance I come to you with it. They say if you want anything done, or undone, all you have to do is to write to the Sunday Call. In England, when it is necessary to call public attention to anything, you write to the Times.

I heard the other day that, as the public dispensary is over the market, during the prevalence of smallpox persons who were afflicted with the disease would go there to find out what was the matter with them, and when the diagnosis was made, and it was discovered they had smallpox, they

would be accompanied down the stairs, and across the street to the wagon, to be taken to the isolation hospital, by attendants who would wave their hands, and shoo the people away who were passing by.

Now, if it is so, this should not be; to expose the whole community (for the market is a common centre) to the danger of contagion to save what it might cost to provide a proper and separate building for the office of the Overseer of the Poor, and the dispensary. It might have done in the day of small things to huddle the market and them together; but in these days, when Newark has become a giant, with county and city buildings being erected on a large scale, with the splendid Prudential group of buildings, amalgamated banks and trust companies, and insurance companies and savings banks with millions of money at their command, it is high time that in a city like this proper and separate provision should be made for the work of the Overseer of the Poor and the dispensary.

The dispensary is a most useful institution and does a great work. It is useful not only to the individual, but to the whole community, as, in connection with the Board of Health, of which it is, I believe, a branch, it prevents the spread of disease, applies the ounce of prevention, which is better than the pound of cure. A great improvement has been recently made in providing large and commodious quarters for the Board of Health, whose former quarters were inconvenient and cramped. Let it be followed up by taking the office of the Overseer of the Poor and the dispensary away from the public market, where they are grotesquely incongruous, and giving them a proper place in which to look after the poor and aged and suffering of the city.

While speaking of public departments, I might refer to the Fire Department and the Salvage Corps, for their work on the Fourth of July. I heard their gongs and bells going all day and on into the night, and saw the horses and machines rushing by, and could not but notice and admire their alertness, vigilance and fidelity. There must have been a tired lot of men and horses in the engine houses and stables that night, but they saved the city, and did their work well.

To turn to a more agreeable subject. Your notice of sun dials reminded me of a most interesting one which I saw just about a year ago in the garden at Abbotsford, where, thanks to the owner, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, I

had the entree. Mr. David Douglas, the publisher in Edinburgh, told me that he found the old sun dial in an out-of-the-way place on the grounds, as it had fallen down and been taken away. It was replaced by the present owner, granddaughter of Lockhart and great granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. When he published the journal of Sir Walter Scott in two volumes he asked Sir George Reid, president of the Royal Scottish Academy, whom I met at his house, to make two vignettes of the sun dial for the book. His idea was to have the sun dial represented standing erect in one volume, before misfortune overtook the owner, and prostrate in the second, after the blow had fallen. Sir George Reid, a true artist and charming man, said no; he would have the sun dial, in the first volume standing in the sunlight, surrounded by grass and leaves and flowers; in the other, in the gloom of night, with branches stripped of their leaves and exposed to the wintry blast.

This is the sun dial of which Lockhart speaks in his life of Sir Walter in following wise: "Sir Walter had been visiting at Milton-Lockhart, and had met there an old friend whom he had not seen for many years and who, like himself, was suffering from the infirmities of age. The next morning he heard that the friend had had a paralytic seizure in the night, and that his life was despaired of. 'Immediately,' to quote the author's words, 'although he had intended to remain two days, Sir Walter drew my brother aside and besought him to lend him horses as far as Lanark, for that he must set off with the least possible delay. He would listen to no persuasions. No, William, he said; this is a sad warning. I must home to work while it is called day; for the night cometh when no man can work. I put that text many a year ago, on my dial stone; but it often preached in vain.'" In a note it is stated, "This dial, which used to stand in front of the old cottage, and is now in the centre of the garden at Abbotsford, is inscribed "Nux gar erketai." In Greek these words mean, "The night cometh."

There is another sun dial I have heard of, and I have never been able to find out where it is, which bears a Latin inscription, "Horas non numero, nisi serenas," I only number the shining hours.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, July 6, 1902.

Robin=Redbreast

What a delightful bird the robin is! I suppose our interest in him dates from nursery days, when we read, or were read to, about the compassion of the robins for the babes in the wood when they covered them with leaves. Our robin is not the same as the English robin-redbreast, which is a much smaller bird, being about half the size. This is the bird of which Wordsworth so sweetly speaks when he says:

“Art thou the bird that Man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin?”

The “pious” no doubt refers to the tradition associating the color on the robin’s breast with the Passion of our Lord.

The ornithologists say that ours belongs to the thrush family.

There are two who come to this garden every year, and only two, and their coming is hailed with delight as the harbingers of Spring. It is the talk of the house on the day they appear that the robins have come again. It is pretty to watch them as they hop, or rather run, across the grass, standing up so erect, and acting as if they were the masters of all they surveyed. One almost feels as if they were tenants-in-common. They have a nest in a maple tree right alongside the porch, and this year they have raised two broods. It is interesting to sit and watch them repairing the nest, and when the eggs are laid and the incubation is going on, to watch the way in which the patient mother bird sits day after day and night after night, until the little ones are hatched, and then to see the process of feeding going on, the little mouths wide open, and constantly filled by the solicitous parents. It is not only the early bird that catches the worm, but these robins seem to be catching worms all day long, from “morn to dewy eve.” The other day one of the little robins fell out of the nest on to the ground, and you would almost think it was a human mother lamenting the accident to her child. The poor mother bird went flying about in every direction, and her cries, almost screams and groans, were pitiful to hear. The little robin got into the hedge, and now the supplies are going on in both places.

What a wonderful thing instinct is! It is instinct that

brings those birds here year after year, prompts them to mate, build their nest, and take the wonderful care of their progeny that they do. As I watch them from the porch I can not but think of the beautiful example they set to human parents. In some instances instinct seems to work better than reason, and produce better results.

The robins seem to have the same bump of locality as the storks who, in Holland, and some parts of Germany, return to their nests by the chimneys of houses every year. The storks seem to have the bump of time, too, for they return every year on the same day, June 24, the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. The migration of birds is one of the wonders of nature. The way they come in the Spring and go in the Autumn, flying miles and miles over sea and land in pursuit, apparently, of climate; the unerring way in which they direct their flight, as if there were compasses and charts in their brains to guide and direct them, is simply marvelous.

Take the case of these particular robins. They go away when the time comes, and come back not only to this country, and this State, and this town, but to this particular house, 35 Bleecker street, which is their Summer home, and they do this with unerring certainty year in and year out.

The whole thing brings back to one's mind what is perhaps the most beautiful of American poems, if not of poems in the English language, Bryant's poem "To a Waterfowl":

Whither, 'midst falling dew,

While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,

Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue

Thy solitary way!

Vainly the fowler's eye

Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,

As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,

Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink

Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,

Or where the rocking billows rise and sink

On the chafed ocean's side?

There is a power whose care

Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—

The desert and illimitable air—

Lone wandering, but not lost.



Monsignor George H. Doane

From a photograph taken in 1866

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a Summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart,
Deeply, hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, July 10, 1902.

"Handsome Is That Handsome Does"

I have heard people criticising the addition to the Post Office building, which has been under construction for some time, as an excrescence displeasing to the eye. Congruity is the foundation of good taste, and that thing is in good taste which answers its purpose, and that this addition eminently does. Yesterday I went through it, and it seemed like an Arabian Night's Dream—ideal is the only word for it. What was needed was floor space, and that is most abundantly supplied. Room, light and air were the three desiderata, and they are provided. More stories would have been of little use, as the upper rooms in the present building are vacant. As I came away, and thought of the black hole, the old Post Office, which this has supplanted, I could not help rejoicing when I looked back at the movement, and the meeting, and the letter in your columns which led to this vast improvement. When it is finished I do not believe there will be a better Post Office in the wide world than this.

I was glad to receive the Sunday Call in London during

my recent absence, for I like to keep in touch with Newark when away from it. Sad changes occurred during those few weeks, leaving great vacancies in the ranks of friends, notably those caused by the deaths of Eugene Vanderpool, Samuel C. Howell and Michael A. Mullin, all warm friends of long standing. The parks in recent years drew Mr. Vanderpool and me closely together. I never published a letter in your columns about the parks but I was sure to receive at once a warm and appreciative acknowledgment. If I had any suggestions to make he would listen to them and carry them out, and invite more. Day before yesterday when I drove into Branch Brook Park, and caught sight of the fountain in the reservoir, which adds the poetry of motion, of moving, sparkling water, to the beauty of the place, I remembered speaking to him about it when I first noticed it. That remains, but he is gone. As the old monk said, "We are the shadows; they are the substances." Almost the last thing he said to me before I went away was, "We have postponed the annual inspection of the parks till September, and you will be back to go with us."

Samuel C. Howell represented a name that stands high among those who laid the foundations of the prosperity of Newark, for his father was one of the great captains of industry. He was a good citizen, but with no turn for public life. His home, his business, filled up his life, and how welcome his friends were to his hospitable hearth. Mr. Vanderpool and he were two of those who helped me most promptly and most generously in providing the funds for the improvements in the Public Library. Both these men will be long missed. The same may be said by those who knew him of Michael A. Mullin, who also died while I was away. No more genial or tender-hearted man than he ever lived, and no stauncher friend. His cheery disposition carried him and everybody who knew him along through sunshine and shade, and his death was a veritable sorrow, not only to his immediate family, but to the countless friends who valued and loved him, to no one more than to me.

As a rule I avoid the "personal equation," but there have been so many kind inquiries about my health since my return, a month sooner than I expected, that I take advantage of this opportunity to say a word on the subject. People ask me, how I am, and it is a hard question to answer. All I know is that "I am not myself at all." Pius IX. of happy memory said to me once: "*Senectus ipse est morbus*" (old age is a disease of itself). He had found it out then; I have found it out now.

I am suffering from one of the Protean symptoms of advancing years. It has been coming on a long time, and every day I feel less and less well, though there seems to be no organic trouble. My old friend, Fr. Fulton, when he was failing, used to say to people who asked him how he was, "No better, thank you." I can say the same. It may be the "gradual drawing of the dusky veil." I can still do more or less, but am cut off from much that I could do, and loved to do. Whether it will ever come back remains to be seen. An old friend of mine, a great civil engineer in London, whom I found older and more infirm than when I left him two years ago, said to me the other day: "I used to put 400 days into the year; now I put 300." I can say the same, and thank God for it, but, whatever more I may see, I am proud and glad to have lived long enough to see Newark develop into the great city it has, and promising to advance still more in beauty and prosperity. Floreat Novarce! (May Newark flourish.)

Newark, August 12, 1903.

G. H. DOANE.

Over the Library Door

People ask me when the bronze panel over the door of the public Library is to be put in place. I tell them I do not know, and cannot find out, though I constantly inquire. "The law's delay" is proverbial, but it is nothing to artistic delay. I am told that they had to wait two years in New York for St. Gaudens's statue of General Sherman. I hope we are not to have a similar experience here.

We are trying to arrange an art exhibition in the assembly room of the library for late Autumn or early Winter.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, Oct. 13, 1903.

Flowers at Branch Brook Park

The greenhouses at Branch Brook Park serve a double purpose. Not only do they serve as a nursery and starting place for the Spring and Summer flowers and bedding plants which are transplanted to the beds all over the grounds, but in the Autumn they are filled with the blooms that wind up the year's floral display.

In about a week they will be well worth visiting, and should be seen by all who love flowers.

There are three of them. The middle one is filled with bedding plants. The first and third, specially the latter, have their benches covered with plants arranged most systematically and beautifully. In the third house a bright, variegated vine is trained and drooped in hanging folds around the middle bench. The gardener tells me that it is the *vinca variegata*. Then on that bench comes a line of bright green leaves, the *salaginella ermenilliana*, then rows of fuchsias, begonias, salvias, ericas, *cyperus quadrifolia*, *myrta salicifolia*, *ageratum*, *dracaena*, *asparagus*, *geraniums*, etc., red, pink, blue, green, gray and white, a floral prism resolved into its colors that leads up to the royal chrysanthemums, which tower above the whole; they, like courtiers, grouped around a throne.

The chrysanthemums are very numerous and very varied, and of many colors, shapes and forms, some Japanese, some Chinese.

The ones on the side in the third house have been pinched down to show only a single flower, which is only a little over a foot from the ground.

The rest of the park is well worth seeing now, as the grass is as green as in the early Spring, and the leaves on the trees are turning before they fall: "Blessings brighten as they take their flight."

One great improvement has been made this year, and that is in connecting the two parallel roads at the end of the third section, so that there is now, barring Fifth and Bloomfield avenues, a continuous drive from one end of the park to the other. When the subways are completed the drive will be continuous. The engineers must have done their work well, as all the surplus water pictured in your pages on Sunday morning was gone on Sunday afternoon.

There is no more beautiful pleasure ground in the world than Branch Brook Park, even as it is at present, with its roads, turf, flowers, trees, shrubbery, lake and waterways, and the Orange Mountains in the distance. They always remind me of the Alban and the Sabine hills as seen across the Campagna at Rome. What will it not be when the improvements now about to be commenced are completed?

Newark Oct. 13, 1903.

G. H. DOANE.

"The Ayes Have It"

The hopes and wishes expressed in my letter of last Sunday have been realized by the vote "for" the proposed laws in favor of the Parks, and the wisdom, good sense and taste of the majority of the voters of Essex County have been manifested by their action. Having put their hand to the plough, they have not turned back; having started to build a tower, they have provided the wherewithal to finish it! No one can say of them: "This man began to build and was not able to finish." In doing so, they have not only made possible the completion of the parks, but they have passed a deserved vote of thanks to, and confidence in, the capable and efficient Board of Park Commissioners, who have done their work so faithfully and well. The parks "have tongues," and cry aloud to them and their subordinates: "All hail! All hail!"

Just now the beauty of Autumn is upon the parks, the "pathos of Autumn," as Alfred Austin calls it in his "Haunts of Ancient Peace." The lovely Autumn leaves decorate the trees, which are soon to be left bare, like the dying rays of many colors that illuminate the sky as the God of Day nightly sinks to his rest.

The way in which the people's gardens are kept commands my admiration every time I visit them. A week's neglect would show itself, but the rake is kept at work, roads and paths are always smooth and clean, and there is no "Royal Pleasance" better looked after than the parks of Essex County, and now not only will they be finished, but provision for their care and keeping up is made in perpetuity.

Every one who can should visit the greenhouses within the next few days to see the superb show of chrysanthemums that now, to use an expression of Sydney Smith's, "glorifies" them. The show is singularly well arranged, for there is a border of smaller plants on the sides, lantana, acharantus, begonia, ageratum, etc., which form a beautiful fringe, and has a singular effect of breaking the monotony of only the show of the larger flowers. I have never seen this border effect in any show before, and it reflects credit on the ingenuity and taste of the gardener, Mr. Gauda.

The blooms are splendid, and of great variety of color, and there are some plants trained in pretty designs.

In London, when the chrysanthemums are shown in the Temple Gardens, it is the talk of the town, and all London flocks to see them. There payment is required for admission; here, every one is admitted free. They will only last a few days longer, and every one who can should make a point of seeing them. The beds outside are filled with pansies, very large and in infinite variety of color.

In my last letter I said I was trying to raise some money among a few friends to complete the big stone over the Public Library door, and to put an electric installation in the art gallery. The response to my letters to them have been most gratifying, and I shall be able to report to the trustees of the Public Library at their meeting to-morrow evening that the money (\$2,500) is all subscribed, and mostly all paid in, in sums of \$100, and that they can now proceed with these two great improvements. I trust they will place the work on the stone in the hands of our Newark artist, Mr. John Flanagan, and that thus his first commission after his long sojourn abroad will come from his native city.

I was once told by one who knew me well that I had the lust of finishing, because, she thought—it was my dear sister—that when once I began a thing, I could never rest until it was done. Very likely this is showing itself now in regard to parks and library. It is a great thing to begin. "*Dimidium habet qui incipit*," "He has half who has begun," the Latins say. But only half, and it is a greater thing to finish, to stick to a thing through thick and thin; not to give it up nor be discouraged; to persevere, to overcome obstacles; and never let go until the keystone is in the arch, until the end crowns the work.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, Nov. 5, 1902.

Sir Frederick Bramwell

I have known a great many delightful men in the course of my life, but never one more so than he whose name stands at the head of this letter, the news of whose death, in his eighty-fifth year, in London on November 30, reached me first by cablegram, and then by the newspapers which have arrived since. My first acquaintance with him was a casual one, and began in a railway carriage in Switzerland. It was an ac-

quaintance that ripened at once into friendship. The next time I saw him was in Rome, and curiously enough when I was raising the big leather curtain to go into St. Peter's he was pushing it on the other side, and we exchanged salutations. He had been to Malta to examine into the cause of the explosion of the guns of the Thunderer, was staying with his daughters at the Hotel Costanzi, where I saw them, and he showed me his diagrams and gave me his explanation of the disaster. After that whenever I went to England I was sure to see more or less of him, and one of my chiefest pleasures in going there, and one of the things I specially looked forward to was the meeting him. I have never been able to tell whether it was to him or to Sir Seymour Haden that I was indebted for my honorary membership on several occasions in the Athenæum Club. When I have been in London he was always looking about to see what he could do for me. He gave me a ticket for the opening of the Tower Bridge, brought me to the Royal Institution, where I heard Lord Kelvin and Marconi lecture; to the conversaziones of the Royal Society, where I met Lord Lister and others; to a dinner in the Goldsmiths' Hall, etc., etc. Once he came to see me here, and I went over the Edison works with him. I never knew a greater observer than he, or one whose thirst for knowledge was greater. On his way to this house he passed the inclined plane of the canal, and before he prosecuted his journey he went up to the head and inquired about it from the man in charge, and afterwards showed me at the Brevoort House, in New York, when I went to call on him, a plan he had made of it. He had never seen one like it before. I asked him how he liked the Brevoort House, and he told me very well all but the "quart d'heure de Rabelais," referring to Rabelais's unhappy quarter of an hour at the Hotel Dessin, in Calais, when the landlord presented his big bill, and had gone for the sergent de ville because he had not money to pay it.

At the dinner at Goldsmiths' Hall I lost my identity, as my dinner card was "Sir Frederick Bramwell's guest." However, the prime warden, after the butler had said, "Gentlemen, charge your glasses, silence for the prime warden," called upon me to reply to the toast of the visitors. One of the things I remember I said was that some time before Sir Frederick, who had known me first, met my brother, and was introduced to him as the Bishop of Albany. He did not know his family name, and asked him, "By the way, my lord, do you happen to know Monsignor Doane in America," to which my brother

replied, "I ought to know him, he is my brother." As we were coming away he pointed out great stacks of bonbon boxes, and asked me if I knew what they were. When I replied in the negative he said they were hush boxes. "Hush boxes," I said; "what does that mean?" "Why," he said, "when the husbands go home late from the dinners and the wives begin to scold they say, 'Now, my dear, do not say anything. See the box I have brought home to you,' and then there is no more about it."

I remember one delightful afternoon I spent with him, one of many. I had met him at dinner at a friend's house in Queen's Gate the evening before, where he sat opposite to me. Hearing me say that that day I had been to see the Tower Bridge, and the next day I was going to see the electric railway under the Thames, he modestly asked me if I would take him. Of course, I was delighted with the proposal, and naturally it was he who took me. We lunched together at the Athenæum Club. I was between him and another delightful friend and companion, Sir Seymour Haden. Changing the hour from night to day, it was a "*nox coenaeque deorum*." After luncheon we started in a hansom cab, and I never shall forget his running commentary as we went along. First he told me that we should sit not straight across, but slightly towards each other, as it would make more room. Then he told me of a project on foot of building a tunnel longitudinally under the Thames to connect Waterloo, on the Surrey side, with the City, as it was cheaper to do that than to build above. Then he pointed out ropes that looked like tails of kites on the other side of the river, and said they carried frozen carcasses of sheep from Australia being hoisted up into storage warehouses, 70,000 of them coming in a single cargo. And so we drove along, he pointing out something interesting all the time until we came to the lift, or elevator, as we would call it, a round one, one half going down as the other half came up, which took us down to the station of the electric train. We went under the Thames, and to Southwell, where we inspected the electric works. When we had finished he said, "Shall we go back as we came or by cab?" "By cab," I said, and I was glad I had made the choice, as there was another flood of reminiscences. Just then Professor Dewar, at the Royal Institution, had been solidifying hydrogen, at great expense and with some danger, and I said, "*Cui bono?*" (What's the use?) He fairly turned on me and said I was the last person from whom he would expect such

a question. The same thing was asked a hundred and fifty years before, when the two Italians put pieces of copper wire to the legs of a frog, and see what has come of that. Later in the day we called on Professor Dewar, saw the apparatus, had afternoon tea with him, but I did not repeat my question. Another thing he told me was that when photography was first discovered someone said it would be a foe-to-graphic art!

One of the things we did that afternoon was to call on my niece, who lived in Montagu Square. As we were coming away the maid, who knew me and wanted to see whom I was with, went on the balcony over the front door and heard the cabby say as he saw us two big men approaching, "What do they take my cab for? Do they take it for a weighing-machine?" Another was to call at his daughter's, Lady Horsley's, in Cavendish Square. It was the first time I had made a call in that locality, and I was reminded of a verse in a book entitled "Original Poems by Jane and Ann Taylor," which I had heard as a boy:

"Little Anne and her mother were walking one day

In London's wide streets so fair,

When business obliged them to go by the way

That led them through Cavendish Square."

I repeated it for them, and, finding to my surprise that they had never heard it before, sent them a copy of the book. There are many such things that they have lost in England that we retain here.

On another occasion when I had been in Edinburgh I told him that I had visited Mr. Blackwood in George street, with a letter of introduction from Mr. Story, just as I had visited Mr. John Murray, 3d, with a letter from Mr. William E. Darwin. I had not only seen the saloon where the portraits of the authors hang, just as they do in Mr. Murray's house in London, but had been taken into the sanctum, the editorial room. Quick as a wink, with a merry twinkle in his eye which I did not notice at the time, he said: "Did he show you the supper service used in the Noctes Ambrosianæ?" I was taken off my guard, regretting the fact that I was 400 miles away and had missed that, when no doubt it was in the cupboard in the room. I looked up and saw by his expression that he was quizzing me, and remembered that the supper service was as fictitious as the "noctes" themselves.

Many are the delightful stories told of him and by him. It was forever when you were in his company "quips and

cranks and wanton wiles, nods and becks and wreathed smiles." Once he told me in his early days a barrister came to him for an opinion as an engineer. When he got it he asked his fee, and was told five guineas. Some time after, when Mr. Bramwell had become an F. R. S., he went for another opinion, and offered another five guineas. Mr. Bramwell asked him if he knew what F. R. S. meant. He said, "Yes, Fellow of the Royal Society." "Yes," he said; "it also means fees raised since!"

He had a speech to make at a bicentenary dinner in Cambridge. His toast was "Applied Science." It was very late when his turn came to speak, and, rising, he said that the only thing that occurred to him in connection with applied science at that hour of the night was the taking of a match, striking it and applying it to a bedroom candle, and sat down. Mr. James Russell Lowell, who sat opposite to him, took a piece of paper and wrote on it, "O! brief Sir Frederick, would that all might catch thy happy science, and apply the match."

The subject of his address at Bath in 1888, the year that he was president of the British Association, was "Next to Nothings," and most ingenious and interesting it was, showing the many instances in nature of the great influence often times exerted by the slightest and most insignificant things.

Sir Frederick Bramwell was what the Greeks would have called a king of men. He towered above his fellows physically and intellectually. I never saw a finer head on any shoulders, with its shock of snow white hair, or a more benignant and intellectual face. A smile was perpetually playing upon his features. The London Times of December 1 devotes two columns to his memory. His colleagues at all his societies and clubs speak of him with admiration and regret. His loss to his friends is irreparable, and what it is to his devoted wife and daughters no tongue can tell. I have been dreading the news of his death ever since I parted with him in London five months ago, for it was evident he was failing then. At least he has left his beautiful example of devotion to duty, of thirst for knowledge, of companionship, happy himself and striving to make others happy, and his memory will be kept green so long as anyone is left to look back to the delightful hours spent in his company. G. H. DOANE.

Newark, Dec. 17, 1903.

"The Art Preservative of All Arts"

This epigrammatic expression occurred to me the other day when I went to see the exhibition illustrative of printing recently arranged by Mr. Dana and his able assistants in the old Reference Room of the Public Library. It refers to printing, and comes, as Bartlett tells us, from the inscription upon the facade of the house at Haarlem formerly occupied by Laurent Koster (or Coster), who is charged, among others, with the invention of printing. Mention is made of this inscription about 1628. "Memoria Sacrum Typographia Ars Artium Omnium Conservatrix. Hic Primum Inventa Circa Annum MCCCCXL"—which renders sacred to memory the spot where, according to the writer, typography, the art conservative, or preservative, of all arts, was invented about the year 1440. Of course, the invention is generally now conceded to Faust and Gutenberg.

All lovers of books, and every one either is, or should be, a lover of books, will be repaid by a visit to this very interesting exhibition. It should not be neglected, as was the beautiful show of posters which adorned the walls of the exhibition room a short while ago. Last year we had two splendid gatherings of pictures in that room, but they were pictures beyond the reach of all but those of ample means, the rich man's gallery. The poster and chromo lithograph exhibition was the poor man's gallery. They were very decorative, very reasonable in price, very beautiful and in perfect taste, and yet, though the show was advertised in the newspapers, very few took the trouble to go to see it. The arrangement cost the librarian and those who help him a great deal of work and trouble, and a few profited by it. They might have made their own the complaint of those who said in old time: "We have piped unto you, and you have not danced."

Perhaps if we wanted to realize the advantage that printing has brought to us we may imagine a world without it, and we, living in it, without books. The only thing that we could compare it to would be a world without sun, moon or stars. Of course, we might have manuscripts, but they would be only for the learned few, and the few who had

money to afford such luxuries. Some of the choicest treasures of literature have been preserved to us in this way, but now the one copy has been multiplied into millions, and where one could read, now the multitude can. To printing we owe the Republic of Letters. "*Littera Scripta Manet*," the written (even more, the printed) word remains; "flying words," in talk or speech, are lost in air.

Perhaps I may be allowed to quote here what I wrote about printing in the address delivered at the opening of the Public Library, March 14th, 1901, the result of a little study I made at the time. Many have never seen it before, and those who have seen it no doubt have, long ago, forgotten it.

The invention of printing and the use of paper made a vast revolution in the publication of books. Printing is defined to be the art of multiplying books by means of single types, capable of being used again and again in different combinations for the printing of different books. Printing seems to have originated in China from engraved wooden plates in A. D. 593. Block printing was the first printing used, about 1423, and it produced images of saints and objects of piety, animals, etc. A block book is a book printed from carved blocks of wood. They gave the idea to the inventor of movable type. About 100 block books are said to exist, among them the *Ars Moriendi*, the *Biblia Pauperum*, the *Apocalypse* and the *Canticum Canticorum*. The earliest specimen of printing from movable type known to exist was printed at Mainz, or Mayence, in 1454. Koster, Schafer, Gutenberg and Faust divide between themselves the honor of having invented printing. The same was the case in the invention of ether, which Morton and Jackson both claimed. A statue was erected to the inventor of ether on the Common, and when asked to whom the statue was erected a Boston wag replied e(i)ther.

What would these early printers say if they were to see a linotype or Mergenthaler machine at work, making type, setting type, distributing type, with a keyboard like a piano? The latest invention for making type I saw described in *The Mail*, the tri-weekly edition of *The London Times*, while I was writing this paper. It is called the Wicks rotary type-casting machine. Before a machine would produce 3,000 types an hour, of one letter only. This produces 60,000 types an hour, and the whole alphabet in proper propor-

tions. In a day it will cast 500,000 types. It would take a man 100 hours to distribute that quantity of type; so that it is cheaper to throw the types back into the big melting receiver with its half a ton of molten metal and make them over again. The result is that fresh type are used every day in The Times office, where the machine is at work, which are so much clearer than old ones used again. The article further states that there are a million types in the news columns of The Times every day. It reminded me of what I was told in London by a great civil engineer, Sir Frederick Bramwell, that they were to build a tunnel, and it has since been done, longitudinally under the Thames to connect Waterloo, on one side of the river, down the stream, with the city on the other, as it was cheaper to do that than to buy and build above.

The first book printed at Mayence, about 1454, was the edition of the Vulgate, now known as the Mazarin Bible, because it was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. Twenty-four copies of this book are now known to exist, nineteen on paper, five on vellum. A copy printed on vellum was sold at the Perkins sale in London in 1873 for £3,400 (\$17,000) to Lord Ashburnham; a copy on paper was sold at the same sale to Mr. Quaritch for £2,690 (\$13,450). At the sale of Sir John Hayford Thorold's books, known as the Syston Park sale, in 1884, Mr. Quaritch paid £3,900 (\$19,500) for a copy on paper. The next known printed book, the Codex Psalorum, was printed on vellum by Schafer, in 1457. Nine copies of this are known to exist, almost all in public libraries. A copy of this was sold at the same sale and was also bought by Mr. Quaritch for the highest price ever paid for a printed book, £4,950 (\$24,750). I say printed, because a very short time ago Lord Ashburnham's *Evangelia Quatuor*, or Four Gospels, a MS. bound in a cover, enriched with precious stones, which had belonged to a monastery of nuns at Lindau on Lake Constance, and had been in his family for sixty years, was sold at private sale to an unknown purchaser, probably an American, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, in London, for £10,000 (\$50,000), the largest price ever paid for a single volume.

Well may Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, say in his interesting "Book Fancier," in the chapter on the Mazarin Bible: "It is surely with almost a feeling of awe and reverence," when thinking of the mill-

ions of books now existing, "that one calls up the earliest of the kind, the primeval Adam and Eve, the first or first known of all the books, the true Adam of all the millions of books that have followed." The first printed books, he also says, are about the noblest, grandest works ever issued from the press—vellum used, or paper like vellum, large, brilliant type, capitals rubricated and wrought by hand, other capitals illuminated in colors and golden miniatures with bindings to match; such were the glories of the first printed books. Their size was often two feet high.

The first Polyglot Bible was in seven volumes and five languages—Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Syriac and Chaldaic, and was printed by Plantin in Antwerp, in 1568. The first classic, Cicero, was printed in 1465. In the library of the British Museum there are 1,000 editions of Cicero. The first Greek book, Lascaris' Grammar, was printed in Milan in 1476. The first book printed in England, in 1474, by William Caxton, Westminster, was *The Game and Play of Chess*, moralized.

I have several times spoken of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the great book seller and book buyer. Once, when I was in London, I went to see him, and Mr. Charles Jamrach, naturalist (that was the sign over his door), the great dealer in wild animals, lions, tigers, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, etc., etc. Both were Germans, and yet when I spoke to Mr. Quaritch of Mr. Jamrach he said he had never heard of him, and when I spoke to Mr. Jamrach of Mr. Quaritch he never had heard of him.

Other books followed, mostly religious. Eighteen thousand volumes are said to have been printed before the close of the fifteenth century. Then came Aldus Pius Manutius, of Venice, with his beautiful Aldine editions, and the Elzevirs of Holland, in Leyden and Amsterdam.

So printing spread through all the countries of the world. The first English printer was William Caxton. One of his books was the *Dictes or Sayengis of the Philosophers*, printed in 1477. He was not only printer, but editor and translator. The first printer of Chaucer was Richard Pynson. But a truce to these historical details.

So far the address. It was Mr. Morgan who bought the *Quatuor Evangelia*, and I have seen it in New York. The tunnel spoken of was not built.

I speak only of the use, not of the abuse of printing, when any kind of bad book is printed. Alas, this fountain, con-

trary to St. James's words, does send forth sweet and bitter water. "The abuse of a thing," however, as Sir Philip Sydney says, "does not make the right use odious." We must fly the poison, and use the food.

Let us hope that the efforts of the Public Library to benefit and instruct the citizens of Newark, to whom the beautiful building belongs, may not have been in vain, and that many will avail themselves of this golden opportunity of tracing printing from its fountain head down to the present day.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, January 27, 1904.

Arboriculture: Trees in the Streets

A law passed by the Legislature last year provides that there may be appointed in all municipalities a commission of three freeholders, without compensation, who shall have control and power to plant and care for shade trees on any of the public highways. Notice is to be given when planting is contemplated, specifying streets, etc., and published in the newspapers. The cost of planting, including guards, is to be borne by the adjoining real estate, and is a lien, and may be collected with the taxes. The cost of maintenance after planting is to be borne by the municipality. A previous law (1896) makes it unlawful to hitch or tie a horse to a tree or leave it unattended near one. Such a commission has been appointed for Newark by the Mayor, and its members are three energetic citizens, Messrs. Bacheller, Titsworth and Berry, who are willing to undertake the work as a labor of love and as an opportunity for beautifying and improving the city.

This is a step in the right direction, for it will secure the planting of many streets which are bare and shadeless without them, and secure uniformity in the planting. Of all the marvelous things with which God has covered the earth, besides grass and flowers, there is nothing more beautiful than a tree, and, besides its use for decorative purposes, how largely does it enter into our lives! A tree means wood, and what infinite uses are made of that, building houses and ships, burning in our fireplaces, turned into utensils, manufactured into paper, etc.

This commission is a correlative of the Park Commission, and will do for our streets and highways what that has done

for our ornamental grounds. The great charm of our New England villages is the glorious trees, mostly elms, that line their roads, and make in them beautiful avenues. In Summer they are of incomparable advantage, as they keep the hot and burning sun off streets and houses and make a "boundless contiguity of shade."

In Washington, one of our most beautiful cities, where such a commission has been at work, some 87,000 trees have been planted, more by 7,000 than there are in Paris, where there are 80,000. There the commission has its own nurseries, which furnish its supplies, and great care is taken in planting to insure the growth and wellbeing of the tree. The average cost there of planting a tree on the street, boxed, staked and strapped, is \$3. The trees they plant are the American elm, linden and sycamore, the European sycamore, the Norway, silver and sugar maples, pin and red oaks, etc.

The commission here is not a month old, having been appointed on the 20th of January, as the Newark Shade Tree Commission. The members are very enthusiastic about their work, and are making arrangements to commence it as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and it will be watched with interest by all who love their town, as all good citizens should.

In "The Heart of Midlothian" Sir Walter Scott makes the Laird of Dumbiedikes say to his son: "Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping." In a note he says that he has learned that these words had so much weight with a Scottish Earl as to lead to his planting a large tract of country. We have some noble trees in Newark, and we want more. One of the features of Boston, "mine own romantic town," are the splendid elms on the Common, whose branches reach across Beacon street almost to the very houses. In Cambridge still survives the elm under which Washington took command of the Continental army. What can be more beautiful than the chestnuts and the ilexes of Italy, the oaks of England, the cork trees of Spain, the lindens of Germany? The great street of Berlin is named from its trees, "Unter den Linden" (under the lindens).

I had often heard of the one tree, a plane tree, that survives in Cheapside, in London—John Gilpin's Cheapside—at the corner of Wood street, between St. Paul's and the Bank,

and last Summer I went to see it. It is quite a flourishing tree, and, though only one, quite lights up the crowded street with its greenery. It is associated with some lovely lines of Wordsworth's, "The Reverie of Poor Susan," as no doubt the tree, as well as the thrush, took her out of London in her dream. They read as follows:

"At the corner of Wood street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud—it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment. What ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees.
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale at Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks and her heart is in heaven; but they fade—
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes."

Newark, Feb. 17, 1904.

G. H. DOANE.

A Day in Boston

A friend told me the other day that the time for the Whistler Memorial Exhibition, in Boston, had been extended from last Sunday to next Sunday. It had not been convenient for me to go before, but I found I could be away from here yesterday without detriment to anything, and so I took the 1 o'clock Shore Line express from New York Tuesday afternoon and was in Boston at 6. I noticed in the big waiting room in the South Station a row of names of places on the wall opposite benches, and was told that they are trysting places where friends meet friends by appointment who belong to the same places, and they go home together. That was for me the latest Yankee notion. Another thing I noticed was a telephone in my room at the

excellent Touraine, where I stopped. Not only all orders were sent to the office by it, but I spoke to a friend in the country by it, and could have talked as far as Omaha.

Yesterday morning I went to Copley Hall, a shed on Clarendon street, which houses just now a priceless collection of the works of art of one man, and that man James McNeill Whistler. His power and versatility are something marvelous. Equally at home in oil, water, chalk, pencil, etching needle and on stone, you go from example to example admiring the work of the great genius and the generosity of the owners who have sent their treasures from England, from Scotland, from the far West, to contribute to the greatest collection of Whistler's works that has ever been made anywhere. As I said to a friend whom I met at the show yesterday, it ranges from nothing to everything, from scratches hardly visible to the naked eye to the most elaborately finished work in all the mediums. Whistler, after all, forms a class apart. He is a comet, not a fixed star. There never was any one like him before, not only for eccentricity, but for, in his way, most remarkable art. Comparisons are always odious. Like must be compared with like. It is absurd to compare the bay of New York with the bay of Naples, as people often do, both beautiful, but both utterly unlike. No one ever did greater work than Whistler, but there have been many who have done equally well in their own way, as, for example, my dear friend Sir Seymour Haden, whose etchings to me are equal to anything that the hand of man has ever done. I had the pleasure also of knowing his brother-in-law, whose work I have been to see, and I cherish a little card he sent me one day in London with a black border after the death of his wife, with his name, Mr. J. McNeill Whistler, 110 Rue du Bac, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and these words written on it: "Monsignor: I am only too delighted to do anything that shall please you now and always."

The Copley Society have been rewarded for their enterprise, as people have come from all over the country to see the exhibition. The walls are draped with grass cloth, which forms a most suitable background.

From the Copley gallery I went to the Art Museum, where another most interesting exhibition is now on. It consists of the plates of Turner's exquisite landscapes in *Liber Studiorum*, of which he did nearly a hundred, and his

illustrations to Rogers's Italy. My day was a full, but most enjoyable, one. After luncheon, at the request of the Press Association, I was photographed, and brought a friend to see Fenway Court, one of the marvels of the modern world, with its gardens, its flowers, its fountains, its architecture, its paintings, statues, tapestry, furniture, marbles, majolicas, laces, books, manuscripts, bric-a-brac of every imaginable sort and description. It was my second visit, as I had been there once before.

From there I drove to Cambridge and saw the Stadium, a great horseshoe in concrete, with double arches, an arena and sloping seats, calling to mind the Roman Colosseum in some way by its appearance, and very much so by its size. There, I suppose, the great football battles will be fought, to use the proper term, not football games played. The gladiator's "young barbarians" were at play, but our young barbarians put on their armor, have surgeons and ambulance in attendance when two great colleges meet and fight for victory. The work at times is simply brutal. What a pity the Rugby game cannot be played here as it is in England, with the violence left out. I went, too, to the Harvard Union to see Sargent's portrait of Mr. Henry Higginson, the princely benefactor, who not only gave Harvard its athletic field but the Harvard Union building to encourage friendship and sociability among the students. I drove home over Massachusetts avenue and the beautiful Charles River, and my native town never looked lovelier than it did in last evening's westering sun. In addition to all this I managed to see a few friends.

The return journey was accomplished as rapidly as the first. Leaving Boston to-day at 10 I was in New York at 3, and in Newark at 4. If ever there was an unexpected and impromptu visit it was this, an illustration of the French phrase, "*Ce n'est que l'imprevu qui arrive*" (it is only the unforeseen that takes place).

Newark, March 23, 1904.

G. H. DOANE.

A Day in New York

This time I did not go so far afield. A friend of many years standing, whom I generally see once a month, as he is an officer of one of the Cunard steamships, met me this

morning at Christopher street ferry, in New York, and we went to see three things. The first one was a superb Rosa Bonheur, a stag, a monarch of the glen, who stands life-size facing you, and looking as if he was about to step right out of the canvas into the room. This was at Knoedler's gallery, Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, and is to be seen there every day, with many other beautiful works of art.

The second was the Sargent portrait of the Misses Hunter in the Gallery of American Artists, in Fifty-seventh street beyond, I think, Seventh avenue, not far from the Carnegie Music Hall. This was the great attraction of the Philadelphia exhibition this winter, and it deserves all the abounding praise it received, for it certainly is a marvelous group. The three sisters sit together, two in black and one in white, most perfectly finished portraits, absolutely at their ease, and the details and accessories and finish are wonderfully done. There are many other pictures there, but they all fade before this one. That itself is the exhibition. The grace and abandon of the hands and arms are very striking; the tulle kerchiefs around the necks, and the little dog that lies so happy and contented on one of the gowns are salient features of the work. A red fan held in the lap of the middle figure gives a bit of color and lights up the whole. It is certainly a picture worth going a long distance to see, and it will be on exhibition until May 1.

The third was Mr. Thaddeus's studio. When I was in London last summer I bought and brought home a copy of this gentleman's portrait of Leo XIII. in the Sala Regia of the Vatican, receiving the homage of a cardinal, called "The Obedience." This was exhibited in Cary & Kenny's window. Since then I sent for a copy of his portrait of Pius X. Some time after I heard that he was in this country, went to see his pictures in the Knoedler Gallery, and then himself in his studio, 307 Fifth avenue, and was delighted with what I saw, to say nothing of the pleasure of meeting him, an artist, "pur sang," an Irish gentleman, and a lover of the beautiful in all its phases and forms.

My friend and I thought that we had had a feast of beautiful things, which would live in our memories. He came to Newark with me, and before we parted referred to an expression, which he had not seen before, in my letter of last week, "A Day in Boston," in which I spoke of the "westerling" sun. The Century Dictionary says that the verb *wester*



Monsignor George H. Doane

From a photograph taken in 1902

is an archaic or obsolete one, and gives an example of Holmes's use of it in the line,

"Thy fame has journeyed westering with the sun."
This suggested Wordsworth's lovely poem, "Stepping Westward," which I got and read to him. It seems that Wordsworth and a fellow traveller were walking by the side of Loch Katrine when a lady whom they met said by way of greeting, "What, are you stepping westward?" He wrote:

What, are you stepping westward?—Yea,
'Twould be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance!
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny;
I like the greeting; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound,
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake;
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy;
Its power was felt, and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glorious sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of traveling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, March 29, 1904.

"Come Gentle Spring"

So writes the poet, and so say we. Yesterday I spent a few minutes in Branch Brook Park, which as yet shows no

sign of waking from its Winter sleep. The rain and the sun of this morning will arouse it, and soon the grass will be green again, the trees will put forth bud and leaf, and the flowers will gladden our eyes, and fill the air with their sweet perfume. "April showers will bring May flowers," as the old adage says. To quote the poets again, and they are the only adequate interpreters of nature, "Spring comes slowly up this way," and "Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil."

One thing I noticed, and that was the scarlet oak, and boulder, and inscription to the memory of Eugene Vanderpool, who, among the many men who, as Commissioners, have co-operated to make the parks what they are, stands foremost. Well is he commemorated in this beautiful and appropriate way at the entrance to the park.

I had not thought to write to you this week, but I stopped and spoke to Mr. Erler, who keeps the boats on the lake, and he gave me a message, which I must lose no time in delivering. The message is, as it was last year, to the trained nurses of Newark in the hospitals. He wishes them to know that he offers them the free use of his boats any days in the week but Saturdays and Sundays, up to 5 or 6 o'clock, and hopes they will avail themselves of this offer, as they did last year.

I would like to make, in this connection, a suggestion to the Public Service Corporation. In the Winter, when the ice will bear, they put notices on their cars, "Skating at Branch Brook Park." Why should they not during the season which is now commencing put signs, "Boating at Branch Brook Park"? It would be to their pecuniary advantage to do so, and it would bring many to see and enjoy the park who otherwise would not go.

I cannot finish this letter without a reference to the beautiful exhibition of photographs by the Camera Club in the lecture room of the Public Library. I was amazed when I saw it by the extent of it; some four hundred exhibits in all, and the very great beauty of the majority of them. It compares most favorably with the exhibition of the Photographic Society of England, which I saw some years ago in London.

I have seen many changes in my time. For example, there were only twenty-eight miles of railway in the United States in 1830, when I was born, and Chicago came into existence in the same year, but in none more than in the

photographic art, which, by the way, a wag once said would be a foe-to-graphic art. I remember the first daguerreo-types, when you had to hold the plate at a certain angle of light to see what was upon it, and did not see much then. Now the sun portrays its creations in nature as an etcher would. I have seen some portraits and landscapes that you would readily mistake for a Haden or a Whistler. The Camera Club deserves hearty congratulations for its success, and thanks from the community for spreading out its treasures upon the Library walls.

Visitors to the Library will notice a new edition, a beautiful bronze bust of Edison, a memorial of the late Howard W. Hayes.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, April 7, 1904.

Two Extremes

The two extremes are two flowers that I have on the table before me, and which I keep looking at as I write. One is a crocus, the earliest of the Spring flowers, which I picked just now in the garden by the church, where the tulips and narcissus are coming up. The other is an orchid, a Cattleya, given to me yesterday in a friend's greenhouse, along with bougainvillea, snapdragon (three colors), roses and lilies. Of the crocus Holmes writes:

The spendthrift crocus bursting through the mould,
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.

It is a case of "simplex munditiis"—simple in its neatness, two or three colors and a most graceful shape.

The orchid, on the other hand, is a child of the tropics, growing on the bark of the tops of trees, where it seeks the sunlight, and where its companions are monkeys and parrots. Its variety is infinite in shape and color, sometimes in clusters, sometimes in sprays over a yard long, and all growing out of nothing, fastened to a board, its roots deriving their nutriment from warmth, air and moisture. It is a flagrant violation of the old Latin motto, "ex nihilo, nihil fit" (nothing is made of nothing), for its flowers so produced are among the most gorgeous in the world. Many years ago I saw bouquets of orchids in a florist's window in the Rue de la Paix, in Paris, and used to regard them as the ne plus ultra of Parisian luxury.

Now they are common in the shop windows of New York, not to say Newark. Blessings on the flower growers for the happiness and enjoyment they add to our lives!

The bougainvillea brings me back to Egypt, as I saw it in Cairo growing in the utmost profusion, and wild, over the porches of the doors of the houses there. Its shape is peculiar, like three leaves joined together, and its color the most exquisite purple. It is named from its discoverer, L. A. de Bougainville, a French navigator, a sailor first, and then a soldier, an admiral and a field marshal, who fought with Montcalm and De Grasse, who would have long ago been forgotten but for the exquisite flower that bears his name.

Another floral beauty is the snapdragon, which I have seen growing along with the Michaelmas daisy in English gardens, and which I never see without being reminded of the touching and beautiful reference made to it by Cardinal Newman in his "Apologia pro Vita Sua," where he speaks of his heartbreak at leaving Oxford for conscience' sake. "I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23, 1846," and then referring to friends who came to take leave of him he speaks of his first college, Trinity, which had never been unkind to him, and says: "There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for many years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my university.

"On the morning of the 23rd I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway."

I quote this from a new edition of the "Apologia" just published by Longmans, at sixpence, showing the great demand there is still for the works of that great writer and master of English prose. Before his death he went again to Oxford, and to his first college, Trinity, and was received with signal honor, having been made an honorary Fellow.

May I take advantage of this opportunity to correct an error in my letter of last week. I said that when I was born there were only twenty-eight miles of railway in the United States. I should have said 228. No doubt there are those living who remember when there were none at all.

Newark, April 13, 1904.

G. H. DOANE.

All A-Growin' and A-Blowin'

London streets are resonant now with the cry, "All a-growin' and a-blowin'," as the costermongers, called costers for short, ply their trade selling, among other things, flowers in pots, in many colors, plants, from their crowded wagons drawn by their mokes, slang for donkeys.

Spring has come to us, as well as to our kinsfolk across the seas, and Spring flowers are "all a-growin' and a-blowin'," whichever way we turn. The crocuses started it, and now the tulips follow suit. The lilacs will come next, and June will bring the roses, and all Summer long one flower will succeed another until the frost lays them low.

A friend sent me to-day some trailing arbutus, which came to him from near Plymouth, Mass. It awakened memories of childhood, for as a boy I knew its haunts near Burlington, and every Spring when the time came used to go into the woods, and look for it, and bring it home to a dear sister who loved it much.

You have to look for it and search for it, as it hides itself under the dead leaves of the previous year. You move them away, and there in the shade and the moisture is the little vine with its green leaves, its sweet, white and pink wax-like flowers, and its fragrant odor as of "Araby the blest." In English it is the trailing arbutus, sometimes called the May flower. In the botanical name it is Greek-Latin, *Epigæa repens*—*Epigæa*, from *epi*, Greek for upon, and *ge*, the earth (hence in another combination, geography), *repens*, Latin for creeping. It belongs to the heath tribe of which there are so many beautiful varieties, one of which, heather, covers Scotland in Summer with its purple bloom, and is the home of the grouse, who live on its berries.

The long, cold Winter has kept vegetation back, but these sunny days will bring it on apace. We have been spared a Spring drought, when the earth, in the words of the psalmist, turns to God for water, "*terra sine aqua tibi*"; and a late frost. I watch the horse chestnut opposite my window, and see the evolution going on, the gradual development, the little bud, the tiny leaves, the flowers starting up in the centre, all miniature as yet, but soon the tree will be covered with its great green leaves and adorned with its large white blooms.

If we only use our eyes and observe (how many eyes there are that "see not" and ears that "hear not"), every day will bring some fresh delight, and if there is anything that makes life worth living it seems to me it is to watch nature in her varying moods as they pass before us during the year.

I find this pretty reference to the trailing arbutus in a charming book I am reading by that most humorous and picturesque of writers, Kate Douglas Wiggin, "Timothy's Quest": "Here was a quiet pool where the rushes bent to the breeze, and the quail dipped her wing; and there a winding path where the cattle came down to the edge, and having looked upon the scene and found it all very good, dipped their sleek heads to drink and drink and drink of the river's nectar. Here the first pink May flowers pushed their sweet heads through the reluctant earth, and waxen Indian pipes grew in the moist places, and yellow violets hid themselves beneath their modest leaves."

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, May 4, 1904.

A Day in the Country

A day in the country, or rather, bits of several days in the country, this is my theme to-day. When was Nature so lavish of her charms as she has been this Spring? With plenty of water, enough sun, when was the grass greener, or the trees more coated with leaves than they are now?

One day I went to Weequahic Reservation. Much has been done there since I last saw it. The playstead has been graded and soon will be covered with grass, the roads have been extended, the trees have been thinned out, and shortly the bridge will be built over the railroad, which will give an entrance or an exit from or to the lower Elizabeth road. Above all an ingenious apparatus has been contrived which will clear the beautiful sheet of water there of the disfiguring rushes and cattails, and make it as pretty a lake as can anywhere be found.

Planting is going on all through the parks, and I am told that some \$32,000 worth of trees and shrubs will be planted this Spring. They are arriving daily, and are being set out.

Preparations are being made for the bridges and the subways at Park avenue and Bloomfield avenue. It is to be hoped that the Board of Works will consent to the Commis-

sioners' proposition for a slight change in the alignment of Park avenue. A straight road running through the park would be a disfigurement. The curve is always the line of beauty, and the plan proposes to give that feature to this avenue, to make it harmonize with the rest. The engineers can safely be trusted, as experience shows.

A driven well is being made at the end of the northern division of Branch Brook Park, by the stables and the green-houses, which will give the abundant supply of water which is needed for the uses of the park. It is a case of "sine (a)qua non."

The East Orange Parkway is being completed. It is pretty well finished from Park avenue to Main street. The delay in finishing the section from Main street to Central avenue has been caused by the fact that the city of East Orange has not as yet put in a proper drainage, without which the work can not proceed.

Montclair Park and the Elwood avenue addition are soon to be completed.

I do not know how four or five hours can be more delightfully spent than by driving out either Clinton or Springfield avenue to Hilton. Just now the latter is the best, as parts of Clinton avenue are very rough, owing to the road-making going on. Hilton has been and is famous for its strawberries, but now a new attraction has been added in the way of pansies. Pansies form nature's mosaic, and with varied bits of color woven closely together form about as beautiful a cover as Mother Earth can boast of, a parti-colored raiment, "a coat of many colors." The pansy is a species of violet, *viola tri-color*, and is sometimes called heart's ease. Shakespeare refers to it in "Hamlet,"

"There is pansies, that's for thoughts."

Milton refers to it in "Lycidas:"

"The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet."

And Tennyson, in "The Gardener's Daughter:"

"Those eyes

Darker than darkest pansies."

From Hilton the avenue takes you to Millburn, and there by a sharp turn into the Riverside drive through South Mountain Reservation to South Orange avenue, two beautiful miles, with Campbell's pond, and the brawling brook (if I may so call the Rahway River), Thistle Mill ford, First and Second Orange Mountain on either side, the trees in

their verdure, the apple trees fairly frosted with bloom, and the dogwood right and left lighting up the scene with the lovely ivory flakes of its flowers.

A short distance down South Orange avenue on the left comes Cherry lane, which leads by the Orange reservoir, a beautiful sheet of water so natural as not to look artificial, to Northfield avenue, and so several roads bring you to Newark. This drive is beautiful in the spring and in the autumn, and just now its spring beauty is at its height, and will be while the dogwood lasts.

The chemistry, the alchemy, the alembic of nature, how wonderful they are! Hidden in the brown mould are her palette and her brushes, and all these infinite varieties of color and shape which delight our vision are being produced unseen by mortal eyes. The red of the rose is there, the green of the grass and the leaves, the violet's blue, the dogwood's white, in fine, all the colors of the floral prism, of the floral rainbow. The seed, the earth, the sun, the rain, with these she works; these are her implements, her tools. We call it nature, but let us rather call it the Hand of God, for what would nature be without Him?

Cowper's line is as true as it is trite:

"God made the country, and man made the town."

Newark, May 16, 1904.

G. H. DOANE.

More Days in the Country

Years ago, fifty at least, when I was staying with Archdeacon Harrison, a friend of my father's, in the precincts at Canterbury, I saw a lady pick a rose, which she said she was going to send to another friend of mine in London, Sir Robert Harry Inglis. Sir Robert, the member for Oxford, was a delightful old English gentleman, who always wore a rose in his buttonhole. His habit was known, and roses used to be sent to him from all over England that they might be used for that purpose. The lady who picked the rose that day was Miss Stanley, sister of Canon, afterward Dean, Stanley, then in residence, whom I met there.

Latterly I have felt as if I was being treated by my friends as Sir Robert Inglis was by his, for I constantly receive gifts of wild flowers sent by those who read my letters in *The Sunday Call*. Within the last few days pink dogwoods,

wild orchids and painted cup, to my mind the most beautiful wild flower that grows, have come to me in that way.

Speaking of Sir Robert Inglis has reminded me of an occasion when I was his guest at an 11 o'clock breakfast, a scientific breakfast, at his house in Bedford Square, in London. Lord Rosse was there, and Sir Roderick Murchison, and Sir George Airy, and Sir Richard Owen, astronomy, geology, comparative anatomy and palaeontology represented by their heads. At the end of the breakfast Sir Robert, who had had a cup of tea, asked Lady Inglis for a cup of coffee, as, he said, he never could tell which he liked best. I have the same difficulty myself. Since then I have met Lord Rosse's son, the present Lord Rosse, at the Athenaeum Club in London, and at his house. You are no longer asked now to breakfast at 11, but to luncheon at 1, or thereabouts.

Another reminiscence of those days. My lodgings were in Blenheim street, New Bond street, and I used to have *The Times* in the morning with my chops and tea for twopence (4 cents) from 8 to 9. Some one had it at the hour before me. Some one else would have it the hour after, and in the afternoon it would go to the country. *The Times* was then, before the tax on newspapers was taken off, sixpence, or twelve and a half cents. Since then it has been threepence, or six cents, and I see there has been a further reduction for subscribers recently.

I have wandered away from my subject, "More Days in the Country." Hearing of a large apple orchard in bloom at Montgomery, I went to see it the other afternoon. I took the River road to Belleville. The tide was high, mudbanks were hidden, and the flow of the river, with just a ripple on its surface between its green banks and under its trees reflected in its waters, was most beautiful. At Belleville I turned to the left, and followed Second River to Montgomery. I was too late for the apple blossoms, but the pretty little stream rippling over its stones, the fresh green foliage, the excellent road, made the drive a delightful one.

Some days before word was sent to me from Bloomfield by one who said he read my letters in *The Sunday Call* of two dogwood trees in Mr. Beach's garden, corner of Beach and Elm streets, near the beautiful park or common, a white and a pink one which he urged me to see. From Montgomery I drove along Franklin street to Bloomfield, admired the grass and the elms in the common, and then

went to the indicated place, and had that peculiar feeling which surprise creates of having your breath taken away, as I saw those two trees standing side by side, a blonde and a brunette, as it were, covered with bloom, and vying with each other in beauty. The sun lit them up, and the combination was simply exquisite, worth coming miles to see.

The drive home was down Franklin street, the old Bloomfield road, to Silver Lake, across the canal, and through the park.

What a beautiful provision of nature that is by which the sun covers the trees with leaves when the warm weather comes, raises, as it were, a big umbrella over our heads to protect us from its rays! In this we shall profit by the excellent work of the Shade Tree Commission in our town. The city has made a great improvement in putting the new sidewalk on Park place. The gardening in the city parks is poor and insufficient, suffers by contrast with the same kind of work in the country parks. A thoroughly competent landscape gardener has been at work there, whereas in the city antiquated methods obtain, and the result is meagre and unsatisfactory. The wire inclosures of the flowers should certainly be done away with. With skill and a small expenditure of money, Military and Washington and Lincoln Parks might be made jewels in the adornment of the city.

This is not the first time I have written to you about the painted cup. Some four years ago, a little later in the year, a bunch of it was brought to me by Mr. Cole, engineer of the Park Commission, from Ball's Bluff, South Mountain Reservation. Brilliant red and brilliant green combine to form its beauty. Botanically it is "*Castilleja Coccinea*," and it is of the Figwort tribe. It is sometimes called painter's brush, or flame flower.

It inspired the pen of Bryant, our American Wordsworth, who commences a poem about it, entitled "The Painted Cup," in this way:

"The fresh Savannas of the Sangamon
Here rise in gentle swells, and the long grass
Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet tufts
Are growing in the green, like flakes of fire;
The wanderers of the prairie know them well,
And call that brilliant flower the Painted Cup."

Newark, May 23, 1904.

G. H. DOANE.

Only a Spray of Wild Laurel

Only a spray of wild laurel, of laurel from a mountainside, only a little white, a little red, a little brown, a little green, and yet for grace, and combination of color, and shape of flower and leaf, I doubt whether it could be surpassed in the floral world. What a theme it would have been for Ruskin! It has been standing before me all the morning, and "jumps into my eyes," as the French say, every time I move or look up to challenge my admiration anew.

Then what an association it has with the glories of the past, it and its congeners. There are many varieties of it it seems. Ours is the *kalmia*, *kalmia latifolia*, sometimes called calico-bush from the color of its flowers. When in bloom it covers whole hillsides with white. To its family belong the gorgeous rhododendron and the modest arbutus, the ground laurel. I say it has an association with the glories of the past, for the bay tree, or bay laurel, *laurus nobilis*, is the true laurel of the ancients, and the poets, as is said in the Century Dictionary. The warrior, the poet, the artist, or anyone who achieved distinction was crowned with laurel in the old Greek and Roman days.

I only picked up my pencil at the fag end of the morning or I could write you a long letter to-day about things I have recently seen, this time in New York. One day I had occasion to go to Manhattanville, to the Academy there, and went up through Central Park, and back by the Riverside drive. I had seen neither in a long time and was amazed at the beauty and completeness of both. I do not want to deal in the language of hyperbole, but I should doubt if there is a finer driveway in the world than the latter. Some one has called it the "Corniche" of the Hudson. The retaining stone wall flanks the road with its driveway, its saddleway, its pathways, and if you look across it you see grass and shrubs and flowers down to the shore, while trees and shrubs and grass and flowers abound on the level.

Another day a friend invited me to go to see two things we had both heard of and wanted to see. Claremont, near the end of the Riverside drive, a historic spot, associated with Washington, with an exquisite view, and excellent provision for man and beast. That, too, far surpassed my utmost ex-

pectations. From there we drove across country, six miles from the old Albany Post road to the old Boston Post road, to the entrance of the New York Zoological Park at the Bronx. Central Park is a garden, the Bronx is a forest, the one artificial, the other natural, each beautiful in its way, and each never more so than in this marvelous Spring. Fine roads and paths have been made among the trees, and lead to the different houses and enclosures where the various animals, birds, etc., are contained. It is quite as fine in every way as the Zoological Garden in London, and on a much larger scale. Many animals you see as in their native haunts, the deer and the buffalo for example. In instances you see the young as well, little deer, little monkeys, little bears, etc.

Carriages are not allowed in the park, but rolling-chairs are provided at the very reasonable rate of fifty cents an hour. I never see a rolling-chair without being reminded of an amusing incident which occurred to me once in Paris. I undertook to see both "salons," the old and the new, in one day. As between them there were about 4,000 pictures, when I came to the second I got into a rolling-chair. The man who pushed it had much to say, and among other things told me that a highly colored impressionist picture we were looking at was an aurora borealis. In the evening a friend of the artist told me it was a sunset in Florida, and it would do for either!

This excursion is very easily managed from Newark. We took the D., L. and W. Railroad to Christopher street and the Ninth Avenue Elevated to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Claremont. From there we drove to the Bronx, but the route otherwise would be, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street surface railway across to Third avenue, the elevated railroad to One Hundred and Ninety-eighth street, terminus of the line, and a cab or a walk for a mile through the beautiful botanical garden, with its great museum and greenhouses, to the entrance to the Zoo. The Third Avenue brought us to Ninth street on our return, and the Eighth street surface car to the Christopher street ferry, like a deed to the place of beginning.

I said nothing about the annual inspection of the parks, on which I had the pleasure of accompanying the Park Commissioners, for the newspapers literally left nothing for me to say. They so exhausted the ground as to reduce me to silence. I might possibly have referred to the new signboards scattered through the parks with appropriate names of roads

and walks. I could only do what Mr. Cruger is said to have done at Bristol when he and Mr. Burke had been successful at the polls, and Mr. Burke had returned thanks, "Gentlemen, I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, June 9, 1904.

The St. Louis Exposition

I was given yesterday "Jackson's Famous Photographs of the St. Louis Exposition and the Pike," and learned from the map of the city, and the Exposition grounds, precisely where the latter are situated, west of the town. Association of ideas brought to my mind a conversation I once had, it was in 1869, with Mrs. Hunt, a daughter of Mr. Lucas, who, with Mr. Chouteau, was one of the founders of the city. It was when I was going from city to city, collecting funds for the American College in Rome. Mrs. Hunt was one of those who gave \$5,000, and founded a bursary. She was a Creole, a devout Catholic, a woman of good intelligence, and charming and cultivated manners.

She told me that her father, who had some army appointment in Pittsburg, sold a horse, and the wife, a shrewd woman, noticing the rise in the value of real estate, induced her husband to buy some land. This, increasing in value, they sold, and decided to move from Pittsburg to St. Louis. To do so, they floated down the Ohio in a flatboat to the junction with the Mississippi, and cordelled up the Mississippi. Cordelling means tying a rope to a tree up the stream, pulling up to it, then tying to another tree farther up, pulling to that, and so on. In that way they reached the site of St. Louis, and settled there. The father bought land in the heart of the city, which increased enormously in value, and died leaving a large estate.

But what I want to come to is the particular fact that the site of the Exposition calls to my mind. It stands on the ground which the settlers used in common for planting their potatoes and other crops, and Mrs. Hunt told me that, while some of the settlers would be engaged in planting the field, cultivating the crops, or gathering them in, others, her father among them, would be watching the Indians beyond with their rifles and shooting them if they interfered with their companions. There could not well be anything

more primitive than this, and now there stands on this very spot the most elaborate series of buildings that the hand of man has ever constructed, the most marvelous collection of objects of use, and of art, representative structures, and people of all the nations of the earth, palaces of fine arts, of mines and metallurgy, of manufactures, of electricity and machinery, of agriculture, horticulture, etc., erected at a cost of nearly fifty millions of dollars to commemorate the Louisiana Purchase for fifteen millions of dollars, by which that great extent of territory was added to the United States.

—Very likely among the Indians in their wigwams, or tepees, in their encampment on the grounds, are some descendants of those whom the early settlers kept off the same ground, then the settlers' farm or planting field. Could there be a greater object lesson of the marvelous growth and prosperity of our country than this?

I have reason to remember St. Louis with pleasure not only because I succeeded there with my mission extremely well, and met a great many delightful people, but because I there formed the acquaintance, which instantly ripened into friendship, with Father Ryan, whose guest I was, who proved to be a most delightful host, and who helped me in every way in his power. The Father Ryan of those days is now Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and every one knows how he is beloved and honored not only there, but all over the land.

To come from the past to the present, I was in hopes that I would have something to tell you this week about Fort George, on the Hudson, of which I had heard, and where I had arranged to go last Tuesday. When the day came I was not able to go. I have been once or twice to the parks. At Branch Brook, in the northern division, the newly acquired Heller tract has been graded, the artesian well is nearly finished, as are the stables and carpenters' and blacksmiths' shops. In the greenhouses some two thousand chrysanthemum plants are vigorously growing, with great promise of beauty in the Autumn. The earth taken from the excavation for the bridges is being used to fill up low ground. In the middle division baseball is very active, and the wading pool alive with boys. In the southern division the see-saws and parallel bars are in constant use. What a paradise for children in the holidays! At Weequahic, beyond the horse stables, there is a nursery with

rows of roses, crimson ramblers among them, *Lychnis Chalcedonica*, and other flowering plants, to say nothing of oaks and maples and elms a foot high. The roses have lasted in bloom a very short time this year. It looks as if they had been stunned by the severe cold last Winter, when not killed. It was the same with the dogwood.

In the town the county and city buildings are progressing well. The City Hall is a massive building, but the Court House will be extremely beautiful. I call one prose, the other poetry. The Fourth Precinct station, on Seventeenth avenue, is a model of what such a building should be, so that on the whole, when we come to take an account of stock, and to see where we stand, the balance is on the right side of the metaphorical ledger.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, July 22, 1904.

The Cardinal Flower

Everything in this world has its compensation. One of the compensations for staying so much at home this Summer has been that I have been able to follow the flowers one after the other as they appeared in their turn in the garden and in the wood. How wonderfully they know "their times and their seasons." Regular as clockwork they come and they go, one succeeding the other, from the early crocus in the Spring to the latest Autumn bloom. Just now the gardens are bright with the yellow *rudbeckia*, named from a Dutch botanist, *Rudbeck*, as *dahlia* was named from another one, *Dahl*, and the different colored *phloxes*, specially fine this year, as they have had abundant water. The wood is bright with the cardinal flower, which vies in brilliancy with the scarlet tanager that flies, a beam of color, from branch to branch on the trees while the flower reflects its color on the stream below. In "Nature's Garden," which contains so many beautiful pictures of wild flowers, the last one is of the cardinal flower and the painted cup. The painted cup I had already had earlier in the season, and now from the same friendly source comes the cardinal flower, equally bright and equally beautiful, but entirely different in shape. It takes its name from its resemblance in color to that worn by the cardinals, the seventy princes of the Church, who form the Sacred College. They

wear that color to signify their readiness to shed their blood for their faith and in defence of the Holy See, as their oath requires them to, "usque ad effusionem sanguinis."

The cardinal flower, or red lobelia, botanically "*lobelia cardinalis*," is to be found in wet or low ground from July to September. It is a twin sister of the beautiful blue lobelia, which differs from it only in color. Linnaeus gave the lobelias their name, calling them after Matthias d'Obel, a Flemish botanist or herbalist, who afterward became physician to James I. of England.

I never see a cardinal flower without being reminded of a month spent long ago with sister, brother and niece in a New England village, Princeton by name, not far from Worcester, Mass., under the shadow of Wachusett. In our daily drives one would shout, looking out of one window, "Cardinal flower"; another, looking out of the opposite window, "Clematis," both then in their glory. We had lodgings in a house owned by Mr. Gregory, near the hotel where we had our meals. My brother called the house Casa Gregoriana, from a Roman name, and once in the early morning my sister found Mrs. Gregory, as complaint had been made of a door's not shutting well, using Mr. Gregory's razor—the grey mare was decidedly the better horse—like an adze, hewing the saddle down and shaving it off so that the door would shut. The hotel, or inn, was a very primitive one. The first time I sat down to table one of the waitresses began to whisper something in my ear. I thought it was a message and that somebody wanted me, and started to get up. There was no bill of fare, and what she was doing was telling me what there was for dinner, boiled dinner, fried chicken, roast beef. I had never heard of boiled dinner before, and had to ask what it meant. After that, when the whispering commenced, I knew what it was about. This reminds me of two other experiences with waitresses. One was at Island Pond, on the Grand Trunk Railway. I had asked the proprietor for mustard. He said: "The lady will get it for you." My friend said: "The lady in waiting!"

The other was at Nantucket. The hotel was a temperance one, but a friend of mine who was there thought I ought to have some claret with my dinner. He went to the drug store and bought three bottles of St. Julien, had the cork of one drawn and put on the table, where I found it when I went to the dining-room. I poured some into a tumbler, filling it about half full, and held it out to a waitress to have

it filled up with water. She looked horror-stricken and dumfounded, as she thought I was offering it to her to drink, and said in a sort of a shamefaced way: "No, thank you!"

Princeton may be known to some of your readers, as a popular writer, just who I do not remember now, once wrote an article about it in, I think, Scribner's Magazine, in which he called it "Hide-and-Seek Village," as in driving over the undulating country you constantly lose sight of it and then it reappears. I have another delightful association with those days and evenings at Princeton. Whenever there was leisure, and the knitting was taken up, I read aloud, and the book I read was "St. Ronan's Well," and I read it through. In what of his books was Sir Walter Scott more delightful than in this, with its Meg Dods, its old and new Hottle, its Penelope Penfeather, etc.? That book particularly has a halo around it for me from its association with those happy days.

But I have wandered far afield; to come back to the flowers. No wonder Linnæus said, speaking of the unfolding of a blossom: "I saw God in His glory passing near me, and bowed my head in worship," or the poet of this particular flower—

"The cardinal, and the blood-red spots,
Its double in the stream;
As if some wounded eagle's breast,
Slow throbbing o'er the plain,
Had left its airy path impressed
In drops of scarlet rain."

Newark, August 8, 1904.

G. H. DOANE.

"The Everlasting Hills"

Up to Tuesday I had been six days from home this Summer. Four of these were spent at Deal Beach, at the house of an old and dear friend, and two at Atlantic City, where I wanted to see two dear little members of the fourth generation, a great-great niece and a great-great nephew, who have made me a great-great uncle twice over; and their father and mother.

This time, the third time, I came farther afield to Bethlehem Street, called for short Bethlehem, a pretty little upland village, 1,500 feet above the sea, in the White Mountain region of New Hampshire.

I left Newark Tuesday morning, and noticed on my way to New York myriads of wild roses, eglantine, lining the banks of the waterways on the meadows, like red poppies in the grain on Italian fields. In New York I took the 1 p. m. Shore Line train for Boston. The day was cool and there was no dust, the atmosphere washed dry by the rain. I will not say there were no cinders, for my smarting eyes would contradict me if I did. I had the Fortnightly for August, as I wanted to read an article by W. S. Lilly on "Cardinal Newman and the New Generation," and what memories it evoked! The first time I ever saw Cardinal Newman was at Meurice's Hotel in Paris, in 1855. Afterwards I saw him, and heard him preach, in Rome, in Dublin, at the Oratory in Edgebaston, Birmingham, his home for many years, and again in Birmingham in the cathedral when he was received by the bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, after he had been made a prince of the church. I have engravings of him, one by Cozzens from a drawing made by Lady Coleridge as an Oratorian Father, one by Johnson, an American artist, an etching, and one by Barlow from Millais's picture of him after he was made Cardinal, with that ineffable head and face. The picture I have seen in Norfolk House in London, as it belongs to the Duke of Norfolk. It is one of the portraits of the world with the scarlet zucchetto on his white hair, scarlet mozzetta, scarlet cassock, white lace rochet, brilliant beyond expression, with the intellectual, benign and kindly face, and hands folded on his lap, coronatus, crowned, after his holy and laborious life. It was shown with my etchings in the Public Library a short time ago.

With him must be associated Cardinal Manning, "*par nobile fratrum*," though like St. Peter and St. Paul, not always in accord. Cardinal Manning dedicated the first volume of his sermons as Archdeacon of Chichester to my father, who went to England to preach the sermon at the opening of the parish church in Leeds for Dr. Hook. This made a tie between us, and he was very friendly. I heard him preach in Rome, in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, and in San Carlo al Corso. His voice was like a silver trumpet, and his utterance easy, slow and distinct, language beautiful, forcible and convincing. It seems as if he said, "Come, let us reason together." I saw him and heard him many times in London. The last time I saw him was there not many weeks before his death, shrunk to a shadow and very deaf, but *anax andron*, king of men, to the last. There has been no such funeral of a public man in London, after that of the Duke of Well-

ton, as his. The two Cardinals, lie, one in Rednal Green near Birmingham, the other in Kensal Green Cemetery, near London; but their works do follow them.

The Shore Line route to Boston is a very beautiful one, as water is in view much of the way, the waters of the Sound, and the rivers that seek the sea. The finest among these is the Connecticut, with its broad estuary, and the little tiny ferryboat, the Lady Fenwick, reminder of Colonial times, that crosses by the railway bridge. The first time I made the journey was in reverse order, from Boston to New York and Burlington when I was three years old. So far as I remember, we went by rail to Providence, by stage coach to Stonington, by the old Sound steamer Massachusetts to New York, by steamer to Perth Amboy, by rail, the old-fashioned English compartment cars, like a stage coach with seats across, to Bordentown, and then by boat to Burlington. Traveling was not made easy in those days as it is in ours.

Breaking the journey at Boston, "mine own romantic town," as Scott loved to call his native city, Edinburgh, the next morning I drove to the North Station to take the train which would bring me to The Everlasting Hills. My conveyance was a victoria, which in its day must have belonged to some fine lady, and I passed as I went the old familiar landmarks, such of them as are left. The day was perfect, clear and cool for October. The train started at 9:20. The car in which I was was half empty, as it was the day before, so again there was plenty of room, and no crowd. The track some miles out of Boston enters the Merrimac Valley, strikes the Merrimac River and runs along its beautiful banks, now on one side and now on the other, to Lake Winnipissiogee, passing Lowell, Manchester and Concord, to whose mills the river furnishes their water power; those towns where cotton is king. This route forms a beautiful approach to the White Mountains and the Franconia range, and a day like yesterday added to the charm. Its beauty beguiled the way. Books, for once, were of no account. The goldenrod, our American heather, substituting yellow for purple, in its many varieties, was bursting into bloom, and the country, owing to this Summer's abundant rainfall, was green, grass and trees, as in early Spring. Every now and then there would be a bit of color, the autumnal leaves beginning to show themselves, the maples first with their bright, almost scarlet, red. I do not believe in tracing resemblances, e. g., comparing the Hudson with the Rhine, or saying that the Bay of New York resembles the

Bay of Naples, both beautiful, but utterly dissimilar in everything but the water common to both, but I must confess Winnipissiogee, as I skirted it, reminded me of Windermere, and I felt like looking for Bowness and Grasmere and Ambleside.

Then again the word Winnipissiogee brought back the verses my Father wrote many years ago, when homœopathy was first being introduced, and its founder, Hahnemann, was prescribing his triturations and dilutions, which read as follows:

Take a little rum
 (The less you take the better)
 Pour it in the lakes
 Of Wener or of Wetter.

Stir the mixture well,
 Lest it should prove inferior,
 Then put half a drop
 Into Lake Superior.

Take a little out,
 And mind you don't get groggy,
 Pour it in the lake
 Of Winnipissiogee.

Every now and then
 Take a drop in water;
 You'll be better soon,
 Or at least you oughter.

The train stopped at Plymouth half an hour for dinner, and then went up the valley of another smaller, but beautiful river, the Pemegewassett. Later still it struck the Connecticut on one side, and the Ammonoosuc on the other, and finally reached Bethlehem Junction, where a little train takes the place of the old time stage coach, as I remember it, and brings you a distance of two miles to Bethlehem. This is one of many visits I have paid to this delightful place, the one I remember best having been in 1880, twenty-four years ago, when my semi-centennial was celebrated at the Sinclair Hotel, at a large family gathering. That very year the piece of ground was bought on which the house in which I am now writing was built. The owner wanted it for a quiet retreat, and so I suggested the name *Parva Domus*, little house, from an old Roman inscription, *parva domus, magna quies*, little

house, great quiet.

The attractions of Bethlehem are the air, the drives and the views of the Presidential and Franconia ranges, and the peace and tranquillity which reign supreme. Many and hallowed are the memories and associations which cluster around this house, which, when it was built, was the only private house belonging to an outsider, in the village. It stands on the slope of a hill facing the west, and overlooking the Littleton Valley. The event of the day is the sunset seen across the valley over Mount Mansfield, the highest of the Green Mountains of Vermont. The variety of shapes and coloration of the clouds is infinite like a kaleidoscope, and when the orb of day finally disappears the afterglow remains and fades away until the light is turned into night. A friend who was once watching it from this very room, or the piazza which is its extension, exclaimed "stepping westward," as it reminded her of those lovely words which Wordsworth wrote in his poem about the highland lassie whom he met on the shore of Lake Ketterine, as he spelled it,

"And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny."

G. H. DOANE.

Parva Domus, Bethlehem, N. H., August 25, 1904.

More Days in the White Mountains

In the letter I wrote you from here a few days ago I said that the event of the day is the sunset. That evening I was rewarded by one of the most beautiful and extraordinary sunsets that I have ever seen even here. I thought it was going to be a plain sunset, only a glow and nothing more, as the sky was apparently cloudless. In a little while it seemed to be not sky but sea that was spread before us beyond the hills, a smooth, tranquil, luminous sea, with little islands and little boats, so what clouds there were appeared, and the illusion lasted as long as the light remained. The effect of a moonlight night is very lovely.

The blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And all its bright spangles, said Allan O'Daie,
is seen here in great perfection. Just now the moon is full, and irradiates the earth with its silver sheen. At night as you look out and up Wordsworth's lines come into your

mind instinctively:

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Bethlehem is a place for short drives, and long excursions. Among the former the Swayze farm and Gale River, the Echo farm, Kimball's Hill, Mount Agassiz, around the Heater, by the Ammonoosuc River; among the latter the Profile House and the Flume, the drive to Jefferson, to the Notch, etc. This year I had a new one to take up the valley of the Ammonoosuc toward Crawford's Notch, to see the new million and a half dollar hotel, the Mount Washington, at Bretton Woods, near Fabyan. The day was perfect, and the drive over a good road, the old post road, and the new road to avoid the railroad, a series of beautiful views. First came the small old inn, the White Mountain, then the Twin Mountain, in whose hall hung a notice, showing the presence of hay fever patients, asking every one not to bring golden rod into the house, seven miles from Bethlehem; Fabyan and Mount Pleasant, near each other, six miles further; thence toward the foot of Mount Washington, the new hotel, the highest expression I have seen of a modern American summer hotel building. It is wood, covered with stucco, of a good but simple architecture, has an immense marble swimming pool in the basement, superb piazzas, an octagonal dining room, a great music hall, a roof garden, etc., etc. I was only there for luncheon, but heard that the prices are high. Probably the proprietors would say what Milliken, of the old Glen House, the other side of the mountain, long since burned down, used to say, the only thing my patrons can find fault with is the prices!

The drive home in the evening lights was very beautiful, and on the whole, for suitable length and variety of scenery. it is the best excursion from Bethlehem. One thing that added to the pleasure of the day was the finding of a number of Newark and other friends, headed by Governor Murphy, Senator Johnson and Mr. Church. Here I have found our worthy postmaster, Mr. Hays. We live to learn. Speaking of big hotels, it never occurred to me until I read it recently in *The Fortnightly* that caravanserai comes from caravan, and is the Eastern word for the sheltered places or inns at the proper intervals in the routes of the caravans, where man and beast, the latter mostly camels, would stop

for the night for food and rest.

Chisholm's White Mountain Guide says that the White Mountains of New Hampshire cover an area of about thirteen hundred square miles, between the Maine border and the Connecticut Valley, the Androscoggin, Upper Ammonoosuc Valley, and the basin of Lake Winnepesaukee (spelt elsewhere in these letters Winnipissiogee). The central chain of mountains, sometimes called the Great Range, or the Presidential Range, is thirteen miles long, extending from Mount Madison to Mount Webster, in a direction of south southwest, and culminating in the lofty peak of Mount Washington. This I may say is about 6,300 feet high, about half the height of "the monarch of mountains," Mont Blanc, White Mountain, one of the highest peaks of the Alps. That is a snow mountain, white all the year, above the line of perpetual snow, and there is nothing in nature so grand and impressive and majestic as one of these.

The Guide goes on to say that the group carries snow through nearly half the year, and on account of this circumstance received the name of the White Mountains from the early settlers along the New England coast more than two centuries ago. Several leagues to the southwest are the Franconia Mountains, and various other groups and ranges are found in all directions. The almost infinite variety of scenery in this region constitutes its great charm, and gives it a perennial interest even to those who have seen loftier and more famous mountain lands. Scores of thousands of tourists enter this district every summer, coming from all parts of the Republic, and even beyond seas, and each finding here that which can please and benefit. There is a marvelous variety of colors, the different rock formation of the peaks (it is the Granite State) giving rich contrasts of browns and grays, blacks, whites and reds, around which the all-pervading green of the forests sweeps like a vast undulating sea. So far the Guide.

This country is reached from New York in a day, or a night, by the Connecticut Valley Railway, and from Boston by the Boston and Maine Railway in about six hours. A great deal of money must be spent every year, millions of dollars, at the Maine summer resorts. It puts one in mind of what the people in Florida say they live on, in summer fish and sweet potatoes, in winter oranges and sick Yankees, with apologies to Maine.

There are two routes from Boston, one already described, the other that comes round by North Conway up the valley of the Saco, and through that great gorge, Crawford's Notch. The mountains are part of the Appalachian range, running from Canada to Florida, about thirteen hundred miles, and Mount Washington is the highest point on the Atlantic coast of the United States.

The Glen House, on the other or eastern side of Mount Washington, used to be a favorite resort, and the place from which, before the mountain railway, people used to drive to the top. To reach it you left the railroad at Glen Station and drove about fifteen miles through the woods, a drive very like the drive through the Trossachs, from Calender to Loch Katrine. It has been twice burnt, and has not been replaced since 1894, when it was last destroyed by fire.

Some little time ago, if I may make a digression, I received from Quartermaster Donnelly, at Trenton, a bronze medal with a blue ribbon, which I have worn ever since as a decoration. People ask me what it is, and I tell them it came to me from the State of New Jersey, which voted one to each of the survivors of the First Defenders of the War of 1861. On the obverse it bears the eagle and stars, and the arms of the State, and the inscription, "To a first defender, 1861;" on the reverse, "The State of New Jersey to George H. Doane, a member of the New Jersey Brigade, Militia, for prompt and loyal service, 1861."

To return to Bethlehem, and this lovely land, lovely by night as well as by day. Standing on the porch of this house on a bright, clear moonlight and starlight night one can realize the truth of the words of the Psalmist King, one of the three greatest writers that have ever lived, the other two being Isaiah and St. Paul, words which are emblazoned in vari-colored letters on a string-piece under the roof of the piazzas on which you stand, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

G. H. DOANE.

Parva Domus, Strawberry Hill, Bethlehem, N. H.

August 30, 1904.

“East, West, Home’s Best”

I remember seeing this inscription on a stained-glass window over the front door in a friend's house. Above it was the representation of a dovecote and the doves flying back to the cote, which was their home. It came into my mind last Saturday, when, after the travels I have been describing, I crossed the threshold of the house which has been my home now for forty-seven years, as I came to it first in 1857. “Home, sweet home, there is no place like home; be it ever so humble, there is no place like home.” An occasional journey and sojourn in other places are very enjoyable, but one of the pleasantest features of absence is return, if it be not a paradox to say so.

Although there are homes in every land, only the English tongue has a name for them. The French say *chez vous* (with you), the German *zur haus* (in the house), and the Italian a *casa* implies the same thing.

My delightful two weeks in Bethlehem came to an end last Wednesday. The night before I came away there was another memorable sunset. This time the sky was absolutely cloudless, and the whole horizon over the hills became a mass of color after the sun had set—brightest orange, palest green and softest blue. As I sat and watched it Bryant's exquisite lines in “To a Waterfowl”:

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

came instinctively into my mind. The whole day had been of the finest. I heard a man say to another of it that it was one in a thousand, and it had a glorious ending in that resplendent sky.

I came back as I went, by Boston, spending two pleasant days there with my friends. I say pleasant, but I must make a qualification, as while they were pleasant in the way I mention, they were not pleasant so far as the weather was concerned. An east wind is pleasant nowhere this side of the Atlantic. In England it is the fair-weather wind, but

it is particularly unpleasant, biting, cutting and stinging in Boston and parts adjacent. There is a good deal of it there at times, so much so that Tom Appleton, a great wag who lived there once, said that the east wind was the national air of New England! We get a little touch of it here sometimes!

Speaking of weather, I am reminded of what an Edinburgh friend wrote me of the weather there recently when he went to show Abbotsford and Melrose to an American who had never been there before, and it poured. He tells it so much better than I can that I simply transcribe his words. I may say that the friend is Mr. David Douglas, the last of the old publishers of Edinburgh, the publisher of Dr. John Brown, and of the letters and journal of Sir Walter Scott, etc., and the American was Mr. Howells.

He writes to thank me for some slips I sent him from the Sunday Call, which he kindly says are always welcome, and then, after referring to several matters, goes on to say that by staying at home, which he had been doing this Summer, he managed to see many bright birds of passage on their way north or south, and, to quote: "Last week I had my old friend and correspondent, Mr. Howells, whom we last met twenty-two years ago in Venice. He was our guide there, and I had the satisfaction of being his here, as he never had been in Scotland before. We went to Abbotsford and Melrose, and though the day was 'soft' we enjoyed ourselves very much, and didn't forget the ruins of Melrose Abbey, to which there is now a thoroughly intelligent guide. I amused Mr. Howells by telling him the experience of a friend in Arran on a very unpromising morning. He accosted a native thus: 'A bad day, Donald!' 'No, no, not a baad day. It will be weet, weet, and showers between, but no a baad day.' Our day at Abbotsford was 'weet, weet,' but we saw the house and the grounds, and the Tweed brim full from bank to bank, looking 'drumly and dour as it rowed on its way.' Mr. Howells was much interested in everything he saw in Edinburgh and its surroundings."

May I add, well he might be, for it is one of the most beautiful and fascinating cities on the face of the globe. Let us hope he will write about it. The two other most beautiful cities for situation I have seen are Prague and Salzburg.

Mr. Douglas's description of the wet at Melrose reminds me of an expedition I made from there one afternoon

to Dryburgh and the tombs of Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, when the very heavens were opened, and the rain came down more like a cataract than anything else.

How the memories of Edinburgh crowd upon you as you write—the Castle, the High Street, St. Giles, the Parliament House, the Tron, Holyrood, Arthur's Seat and so much else, as, for example, Prince's street, in the new town, the others being mostly in the old. How Sir Walter Scott has made it all live even for those who have never seen it, and how much more for those who have.

Speaking of Sir Walter, I was much interested in reading in a book which I accidentally picked up in Bethlehem, a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Washington Irving, thanking him for a copy of "Knickerbocker," which he said he had been reading aloud to his wife and children at Abbotsford until their sides ached and were sore with laughing, etc.

But at this rate I shall never get home, as one thing suggests another. The journey from Boston was swift and expeditious. An old friend on the train who looks after checks and carriages did what he always does, got my luggage for me at once, and I was soon crossing the town, and speeding across the meadows on my way to Newark.

I wrote you on going that I had seen wild roses or eglantine by the waterways on the meadows. A friend who knows much more about flowers than I do, and who has taught me all of what little I do know, to whom I sent a copy of the letter, tells me that the flowers I saw were not wild roses, but marsh mallows, as they are in season just now, the roses having passed. She says the mistake might easily be made, as they are very much alike in shape and color. They had rather gone off; but in places there were masses of yellow flowers. I do not know what they were, but I do know that they gave the effect of a field of the cloth of gold. Call such things weeds!

I do not know that I can better bring this rambling letter to a close than by transcribing the beautiful poem in full, a part of which I have already quoted. There are two poems, the only ones they each wrote, which have made their writers immortal. One is "Home, Sweet Home," which an American, John Howard Payne, wrote; the other, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," written by an Irishman, Charles Wolfe. The Payne poem reads as follows:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
 A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.

Home! home! Sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
 O give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call;
 Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all!

Home! home! Sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like home.

"Dulce domum," as the Latins have it!

Hood's lovely poem, "I remember, I remember the house where I was born," and Cowper's "My Mother's Picture," two little domestic poems, deserve to be bracketed with "Home, Sweet Home" as poems of the hearth and the fire-side, of the home.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, Sept. 14, 1904.

The Golden Flower

There is promise of a, what shall I say—fine, glorious, good, splendid, superb, magnificent, beautiful—if you rolled all these adjectives and others into one you would not get a strong enough word to describe it—exhibition of the Golden Flower, for that is what chrysanthemum when rendered into English is, in the greenhouses at the end of the third division of Branch Brook Park. There will be hundreds of them. They are beautiful now, but only at their beginning. In two weeks or so they will be in their glory.

I am indebted to the gardener, Mr. Houda, for the names of some of the other plants or flowers in the houses which I did not know. He has them all at his tongue's end. The chrysanthemums and all the plants are most symmetrically arranged. In the upper house they are garnished with a row all the way round of the most beautiful and brilliant tuberous begonias I ever saw, red, yellow, white, pink and white, salmon, single and double. Surely if ever there were

floral jewels they are these exquisite flowers, and they are well worth seeing now.

In the middle house are some fine bedding plants and dracenas, and asparagus springeri, and coleus, and ferns, and acanthus. In the first of the houses fuchsias and ageratum form the borders, and here are myrtle and heath plants and chrysanthemums, and in all the houses are to be seen the graceful strands of the vinca variegata vine hanging down from the benches. Over the entrance to each house has been trained an arch of chrysanthemums. They are all what gardeners would call healthy plants, vigorous and strong.

Just now at the entrance of the middle division there are three varieties of asters in bloom, one, aster candefolius, light blue; one, aster novangelus, dark purple; one, aster multiflorus, pure white. The mingling of the colors makes them very attractive. I am indebted to the courteous superintendent Mr. Manning, for the names. Scotch heather has been in bloom this Autumn, and furze. The aster, it might be said, is the star flower, aster in Greek being star.

The artesian well, 250 feet down, discharges 200,000 gallons a day, and will prove a great economy, saving the use of metered water from the city. The new buildings, stables, carpenters' and blacksmiths' shops, and sheds are not only useful but ornamental, models of their kind, and look like an old country farmstead. It will be almost a pity to plant them out. The Elwood avenue entrance has been made. The grass throughout is as green as in early Spring. The low land in the upper part of the northern division has been filled up with earth, taken from the excavations for the bridges. It has been graded and seeded with grass, and next year the boys and girls will have still more spacious playing fields.

New music stands have been put in four of the parks, Branch Brook, East Side, West Side and Orange. At Weequahic steps are being taken to clear the lake of bull-rushes and reeds and wild growth, and when that is done it will be a beautiful sheet of water, and the bridge over the railroad will complete the drive. The bridges are proceeding apace. The boats have been much used and attention has been attracted to them by signs on the trolley cars.

I have before me a copy of the report of the Park Commissioners for 1903, and it gives an excellent account of the vast and judicious work that has been done on the parks

during the year. It has been published in the newspapers, so only a casual reference to it is called for. Fortunately, the Commissioners are unhampered now, as the courts have decided vexed questions in their favor, and one-half of the money voted for by the people on November 4, 1902, has been raised by the Freeholders and placed in their hands. The contemplated improvements are rapidly going on, and how fine they will be. The result will be a perfect and completed work. The Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad and the Commissioners are working harmoniously together.

Attention is called to the beautiful fountain which is such an embellishment to the southern division of Branch Brook Park, and while the discharge is greater than that of any other fountain in the world, the water is not wasted, but is used for the low service system. How the watery diamonds sparkle and play as the sun shines upon them and the wind drives and tosses them about! The Board of Street and Water Commissioners has cordially co-operated with the Park Commissioners in the matter of the fountain.

The extensive woodland is being well cared for and superfluous and interfering trees are being removed. All this is admirably set forth in the exhaustive letter on the subject from the Olmsted brothers, the landscape architects, with which the report closes. The civil engineers, the architects, and the landscape architects and gardeners are rapidly transforming the land, and are doing much to develop its resources, and make it beautiful as well. Thanks to them, the last few years have seen wonderful improvements and progress in those respects in every direction, and we have an object lesson of this in the parks and in the new Courthouse in our midst.

Akin to this is the work of the street tree commission. They are beginning their work again, and it is a pity they are not more amply supplied with funds. In this connection it may be said that other work is needed on the streets. Many of them are very dirty and full of holes and broken pavements. A systematic examination should be made and steps taken to correct these evils, which are a great drawback, not only to looks but also to convenience. All which is respectfully recommended to the Board of Works and Common Council of our good and fair city of Newark. The Park Commissioners have set the standard, and everything about the city and county should be in keeping with that.

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, Oct. 5, 1904.

"The Last Rose of Summer"

Here and there throughout the grounds of the first or southern division of Branch Brook Park, up to a few days ago, you came across an occasional rose which suggested Moore's sweetest melody about the "last rose of Summer left blooming alone."

The whole countryside is now in its Autumn beauty. Nature's polychrome. The variety of tints of the leaves is great and striking. As a rule, they are subdued, a very few brilliant ones reappearing this year. The browns and russets and yellows and olives and maroons prevail. They reminded me the other day of an experience I once had in London. I was to execute a commission on Liberty's famous shop for silks. As the colors were all subdued, I asked if they had no brighter ones. One of the young saleswomen—they were all dressed in costume with lovely silk kerchiefs of different colors round their throats—said, with a real London drawl: "On, no, we have only art colors!" So it is with the woods this year, only art colors.

The parks are at their autumnal best just now, with the divine October air. They are sources not only of pleasure, but of health to all who have the good fortune to enter them. Weequahic Park is well worth a visit to see what progress has been made in clearing the lake of reeds and bulrushes. The lower half is almost entirely clear. When the other, the upper half, is clear, it will be a beautiful sheet of water, blue as the heavens above, and a superb place in Winter for skating; in Summer for boating and aquatic sports. Being a mile long and some 500 feet wide, regattas can be held there to great advantage as the water, unlike that of the Passaic, is clear as crystal. The water has been raised and some few of the trees have been submerged and sacrificed, like Philae, by the waters of the Nile. You can not have everything in this world, and the lake was worth the sacrifice. Then there are plenty of trees left.

At the head of the lake is a fine grove of trees of different kinds, and there are many dogwoods among them. The last time I went there, in the Spring, they were in bloom. Yesterday they showed themselves with the unmistakable color of their maroon leaves and red berries in Autumn attire. A friend prettily calls this season the sunset of the year.

The flowers in the Branch Brook greenhouses are rapidly opening out, and by next Sunday, the day on which this letter will appear, will be at their best, and they should be seen by throngs. In addition to the plants I saw there the other day and wrote about, are the *Isclepsis Gracilis*, or maiden-hair; the *Cyperus Quadrifolius*, the *Salvia patens*, with its blue flowers; the *Myralaica Leucodendron*, and others. There are about 2,000 chrysanthemums of the two varieties, the Chinese, compact and solid in its bloom, and Japanese, loose and stringy. The chrysanthemum is the national flower of Japan and is emblazoned on the banners of the Japanese armies, which are almost daily winning such extraordinary victories over the Russians in the Far East.

The variety of the exhibition is very great, as the following list will show. Labels will guide those who wish to examine more carefully. Among them will be found President Smith, Captain Bridley, Eda Brass, Major Bonaffon, Chestnut Hill, Ermenilla, Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Janariva, H. W. Reiman, Polly Rose, Glory of Pacific, Mrs. G. Vanderbilt, Ivory, Apollo, Georgiana Bramhall, Golden Wedding, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Simpson, Colonel Appleton, Mrs. E. D. Smith, T. Barrington, John Shrimpton, Henry Hurrell, Garza, Lawn Tennis, Golden Gate, Lillian Russell, Mrs. Henry Robinson, Modesta, Hicks Arnold, Vivian Morel, Mrs. Theis, Souci, Timothy Eaton, Morelius, Mrs. Franklin Murphy, Broomhead, Mrs. T. S. Park, Minerva, President Carnot, Mutual Friend, J. R. Franta, Nelly Pocket, John Pocket, Malcolm Lamont and Brutus. Among the new varieties are Portica, Louis Boehmer, Tiger, Mrs. Barkley, Mrs. F. T. Vallis, F. A. Cobbold, Henry Barres, L. S. Wright, Madame Gahuzal, W. Dunkham, Ben Wells, Donald McLean, General Fulton, Miss Wilderes Warre, Maynel, Harrison Dick, Leila Falknis and Dr. Engel Hard. This "catalogue raisonnee" will show how extensive the collection is and what an immense amount of work and pains and care it must have taken to prepare it, and get it together. The arrangement is perfect. Chrysanthemums propagate themselves by shoots from the old plants. They are kept in a cool place, and in April or May the shoots appear. They are cut off and planted. They root themselves and form the plants of the next season. To get the larger flowers all the blooms are nipped off but one. Some are much earlier than others, some blooming now and some not blooming until well on in November. They are very useful for decoration,

as when cut and put in water they remain bright and fresh for days.

I was amused the other day by a lady bringing me some dried specimens of plants that she had picked up in the woods. She had been led, I suppose by my letters to you, to think I know more about these things than I do, that I was a botanist. I referred her to one who is, Professor Apgar, and a few days afterward she showed me his answer, which told her what she wanted to know. I am no botanist, but the merest tyro, only an admirer and lover of flowers, and, in fact, of every beautiful thing, with perception enough to notice them and curiosity enough to inquire what they are.

Those who have the opportunity would do well to drive out to Eagle Rock and South Mountain Reservation before the colored leaves have fallen from the trees and they stand bare to face the Winter blast. The whole side of Orange Mountain is a study now in its "coat of many colors." I quote a stanza which sounds like Bryant, from a pretty little poem called "The Autumn Fires," which describes in verse what I have been trying to describe in prose:

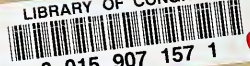
"The maple glows in crimson, and the birch in rarest gold,
And a blaze of amber beauty wraps the beeches in its fold—
Still the mystic torches touch them, in the evenings calm
and cold,

And the Autumn fires are burning on the hill."

G. H. DOANE.

Newark, Oct. 18, 1904.

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